

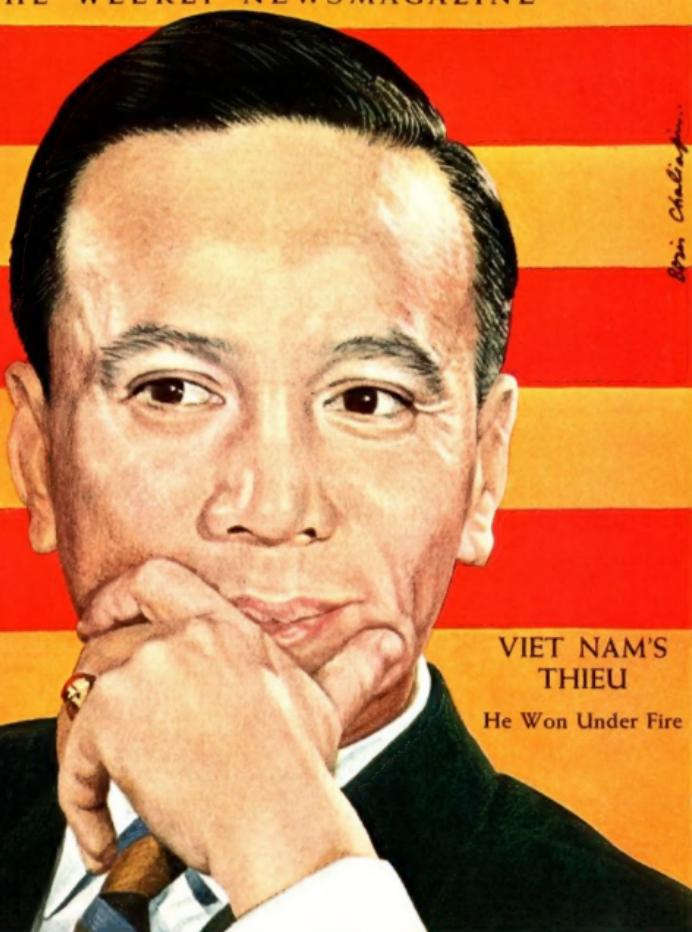
FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 15, 1967

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Don Chaffey

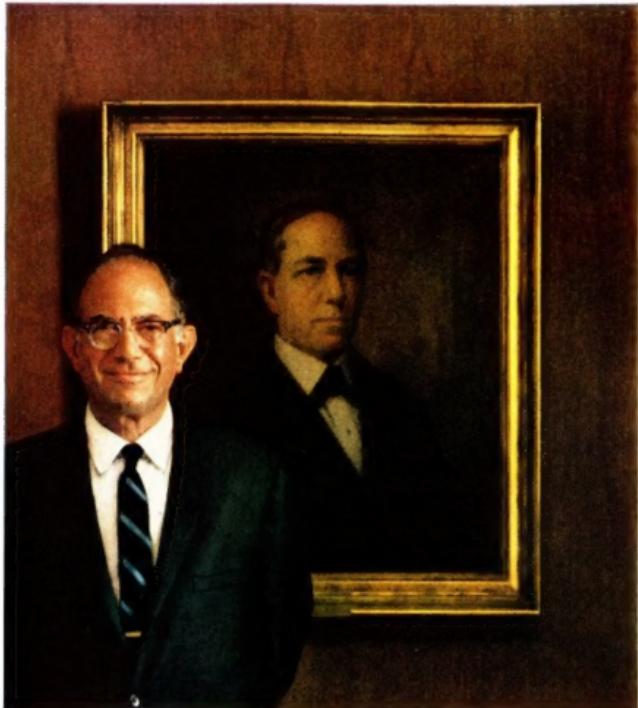


VIET NAM'S
THIEU

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VOL. 90 NO. 11

1967 U.S. \$1.00



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"I'm a stock broker. One reason listed stocks generally are so popular is their profit record."



"Less than 1% of U.S. corporations, they make 70% of the profits."

Just how many stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

"Something over 1,200 common stocks. That represents less than 1% of the corporations in the country, so you can see the listed companies are a rather elite group."

And those few make about 70% of the profits?

"That's right. Generally, they're the big companies, the leaders. You use their products and services practically every hour of the day, and their names are household words."

Is a company's profit the main consideration when the Exchange lists it?

"That's extremely important, of course. At the time of its original listing, a company has to demonstrate to the Exchange that it has been able to earn at least \$1,200,000 a year after taxes, normally for three years. And that means under competitive conditions."

For just three years?

"That's just a guideline. Every company is considered on its own merits. The Exchange wants to be satisfied that the company is a going concern, that it has a good position in its industry and prospects for maintaining that position. A good many economic factors are taken into account when a company is first listed."

To an investor, isn't a company's profit the whole story?

"No. Another big factor is that there is usually more information available about listed stocks, because the Exchange expects prompt disclosure of important facts. You can also follow price changes in the newspapers. Smart investors see another advantage in the

Does all this mean listed stocks are right for any investor?

"Not necessarily. The best advice is to discuss your situation with a member firm broker—the amount you can invest after regular expenses and emergencies; and your goal of growth, dividends, or the safety of principal that bonds might offer."

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fact that about 12,000,000 people own listed stocks. That means you can usually find a buyer or seller for listed stock when you need one quickly and easily, and at a price close to the last sale on the floor. It's a matter of supply and demand—and no investor should disregard this important factor."

When a company gets listed, does it automatically stay listed?

"There's nothing automatic about it. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing, too."

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Tryout for the President's All America Team

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Boys: How many times
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up to the bar?
Girls: Pull your chin
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How long can you stay
in this position?

3. 50-yard dash:
What's your best time
for 50-yard dash?

2. Sit-ups:
To make the team,
girls must do 50 sit-ups,
boys 100.



Every boy and girl 10 to 17 is eligible.

This is a new kind of All America Team.

Big guys have no advantage over little guys;
boys have no advantage over girls.

In fact, the runts might beat the football heroes
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Competition is with boys and girls the same age.

Boys and girls who make the team will receive from
President Johnson an award and a badge, proving
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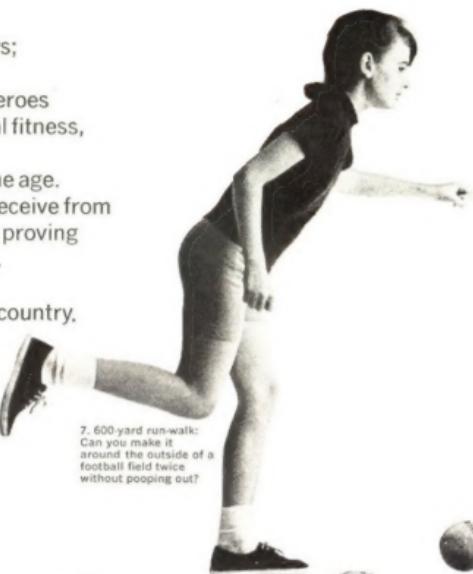
Now is the time to work out.

Tryouts will be held in schools all over the country.

The 7 exercises are right on this page.



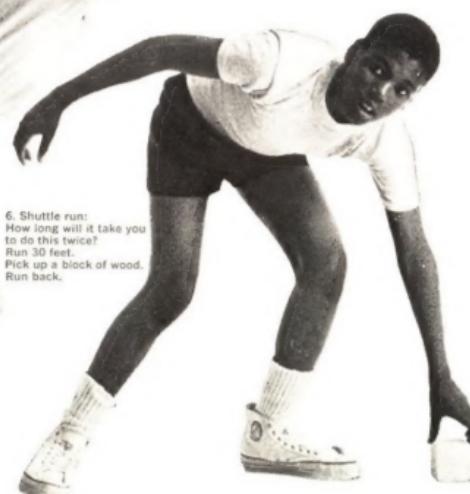
4. Standing broad jump:
How far can you jump
without a running start?
Bend your knees.
Throw your arms back
and find out.



7. 600-yard run-walk:
Can you make it
around the outside of a
football field twice
without pooping out?



6. Shuttle run:
How long will it take you
to do this twice?
Run 30 feet.
Pick up a block of wood.
Run back.



5. Softball throw:
With a running start,
how far can you throw
a softball?

Every U.S. Senator and Congressman can read.



Try writing yours.

Don't let your enthusiasm for public affairs die the day after an election. When you have a view on an issue, put it in writing. Let your representative know what *you* think.

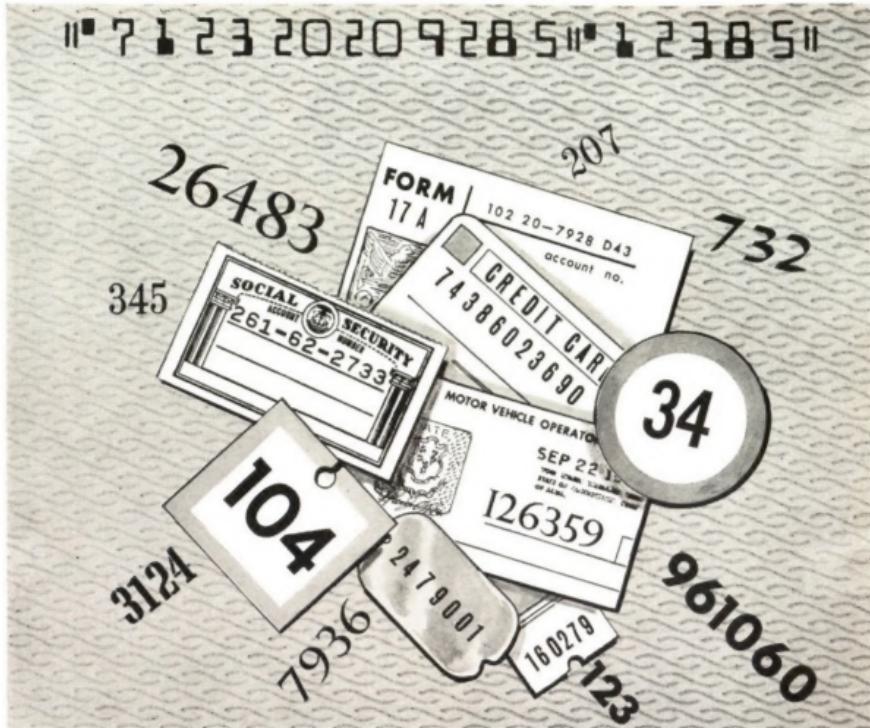
Perhaps it's an urban renewal problem. Or a reappraisal of the draft. Or crime control. It's your privilege to have an opinion — and it does count.

We hope you'll speak up on Hammermill Bond. The world's best-known letterhead paper adds authority to your point of view. Its brilliant whiteness and its crisp feel of quality pull attention to your message — in Washington or on a customer's desk.

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A good reason to consider North Carolina for your new plant.

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North Carolina is the southernmost state in which skiing is a regular wintertime sport. Old Man Winter cooperates beautifully in our beautiful Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains.

And where nature leaves off, modern snow-making machines take over. So you can enjoy slalom thrills from December through mid-March at several resorts in

North Carolina's delightful high country.

During the same months, in other parts of our state, you can play golf on some of the finest and most challenging courses in the nation.

Because of reasons like these, industrial growth in North Carolina continues to soar. During the first six months of 1967, investments in new and expanded

industry totaled more than \$300 million, exceeding the previous six-months record by nearly \$70 million.

For the complete facts on business and pleasure in North Carolina, get in touch with Governor Dan Moore or J. W. (Willie) York, Chairman, Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina 27602.

North Carolina

after shave, after shower, after anything...



Brut by Fabergé...

if you have any doubts about yourself,
try something else.

ing their own songs for years. Two Australian friends have joined in for resonance.

SO GOOD (Epic). Don And The Goodtimes recently emerged from the Pacific Northwest carrying their harpsichord and clavichord, in the new genteel manner. Nevertheless, they sound like rather raw undergraduates to the Beatles, their favorites, when they sing *Good Day Sunshine*, along with a bouquet of other sweet-smelling songs, such as their hit single, *I Could Be So Good To You*.

LOVE IS ALIVE AND WELL (Tower). This is an effort by Kim Fowley, songwriter, singer and professional hippie, to collect pollen from various flower arrangements (*Flower City*, *Flower Drum Drum*, *Flowers*, *Super Flower*, *Me!*). The spirit is willing, but the songs are weak.

LET'S LIVE FOR TODAY (Dunhill). The Grasshoppers have blossomed into flower people of a sort. Love, mostly the personal kind, is their pitch, and Rob Grill is their melodic and persuasive pitchman. His cheerful proposal: "May others plan their future. I'm busy laying you Shala-la-la-la I live for today."

EVOLUTION (Epic). An internationally popular quintet of sentimentalists from the north of England, the Hollies have a hit in *Currie-Anne*. They remember their school days ("I played a janitor—you played a monitor"), and how they used to press their noses against the panes of Ye Olde Toffee Shoppe. Their nicest hit is *Stop Right There*, an arresting, minor-keyed ballad with violin obbligato.

CINEMA

THE THIEF OF PARIS. French Director Louis Malle (*The Lovers*) could have used a first story for this disjointed film about a *fin de siècle* second-story man. Even so, there are a few stolen treasures, including Jean-Paul Belmondo's performance.

THE BIG CITY. Director Satyajit Ray expertly dissects a slice of Indian life and shows how a young Bengali couple cope with Calcutta's mechanized realities while bound to an ancient morality.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE. Sandy Dennis re-creates with considerable grace the tyro schoolmarm of Bel Kaufman's best-selling novel about a "problem area" high school.

THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND THE ITALIANS. Adultery—Italian style, in *Divorce—Italian Style*. Director Pietro Germi, Verna Lisi supplies the sugar and spice. Really quite nice.

THE WHISPERERS. An old, retired domestic on the dole in an English industrial town is the somewhat sociological subject of this film, which nevertheless rises to uncommon heights because of a soaring performance by Dame Edith Evans.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY, by Louis L. Hall. A clear, compelling tracing of U.S. and Russian maneuverings from 1945 to 1962, by a former State Department aide who effectively peels away the particulate emotions to reveal one of history's most significant conflicts.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. A fine novelist writing about low life in New Orleans shows a particular gift for well-developed characters and dialogue.

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW. NUMBER 1. New American Library. Fiction by Philip Roth, criticism by Stanley Kauffmann and po-

etry by Louise Glück highlight Volume No. 1 of this lively and commendable attempt to revive what is best described as the paperback-book magazine.

GOG, by Andrew Sinclair. A facile British historian mounts a time machine and takes a wild ride through history in this formidable fable about an amnesiac who makes a pilgrimage from Edinburgh to London in quest of himself.

DUBLIN: A PORTRAIT, by V. S. Pritchett, with photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Poetic photography adds luster to a distinguished prose picture of Dublin's streets and people.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramarz. In a readable full-length biography, a German historian tells the story of the aristocratic colonel whose attempt to assassinate Hitler with a planted bomb was foiled by freakish chance.

AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY, by Gwyn Griffin. A fast-paced World War II sea yarn that dramatizes the futility of applying humane law to war.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA, by Robert K. Massie. The events that led to the Kerensky revolution and the Bolshevik coup d'état are told in terms of the two royal Romanovs, seen as neither ogres nor icons, but as tragic simpletons.

BEARDSLEY, by Stanley Weintraub. A skillful biography of the fabulous young Victorian whose extraordinary style was a clear forerunner of art nouveau.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS, by Robert Conot. Through the inchoate words and deeds of the Watts rioters, a Los Angeles newsman evokes the agonies of the big-city ghetto.

INCREDIBLE VICTORY, by Walter Lord. By rebalancing the Pacific campaign on the fulcrum of the Battle of Midway, a noted teller of sea stories (*Night to Remember*, *Day of Infamy*) shows why Japan lost World War II.

THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON, by Fawn Brodie. The adventures of a fine old Victorian eccentric who roamed uncharted areas of North Africa and Asia and spent his spare time cataloguing the varieties of sexual activity he encountered along the way.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *Night Falls on the City*, Gainham (8)
3. *The Plot*, Wallace (3)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (5)
5. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
6. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (7)
7. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (6)
8. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (4)
9. *An Operational Necessity*, Griffin (9)
10. *The King of the Castle*, Holt (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (1)
2. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (2)
3. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (3)
4. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (4)
5. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (6)
6. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (7)
7. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (8)
8. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (5)
9. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (9)
10. *The Lawyers*, Mayer (8)

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But, mostly, lonely beaches.

There are 210 different beaches in Peru, not counting some that haven't been named yet.

This—and the happy fact that Lima has enjoyed less than two inches of rainfall in the last 30 years—makes it an ideal place to pick up a nice, quiet tan.

Of course, if it's a crowd you're after (and a chance to show off that new bikini) you can find it.

Providing you know where to look.

Since we have more flights serving Peru than any other airline (including non-stops from New York and Miami in co-operation with Eastern Airlines), we'll be only too happy to give you directions. Just write Braniff International, Exchange Park, Dallas, Texas 75235.

Or see your travel agent.

Braniff
International's
Peru.

LETTERS

Grains of Sand

Sir: An excellent cover story on an excellent actress—Sandy Dennis [Sept. 11]. Aside from her abundant talent, it is reassuring to know that there are those in an often maligned profession who refuse to demean either themselves or their vocations by using popular opinion as a constant beacon. Mrs. Mulligan serves as a rare illustration of the fact that those with sufficient will, intelligence, sensitivity and courage have little need to compromise themselves to succeed.

SCOTT SIMON

Chicago

Sir: Whether it be on the stage or screen, Sandy Dennis projects a quiet power, a profound dramatic intensity that overwhelms.

REGINA R. PATTERSON

St. Albans, N.Y.

Sir: I just stuttered and fluttered, wrinkled my chin and pushed my hair back, then, wiping the spitfire from the corner of my mouth, belted out a huge belch, after which I let out a four-letter oath; I gasped and bit my lip; my tongue twitched. Then unable to contain myself any longer, I talentlessly threw up!

FRANCIS SCHAEFER

Denver

Sir: Ted Sorenson's remarks, quoted in your article about another talented Nebraska performer, remind me of the Nebraska who died after moving to California. They brought his body to Lincoln for burial and one of his old lady friends, taking a last look at him in the casket, was heard to say, "Doesn't he look just fine! It sure did him a lot of good to move to California!"

B. FRANK WATSON

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir: Bravo to Boris Chaliapin for the cover drawing! Only a master draftsman such as he could produce this delightfully pleasing and interesting work of art.

ALFRED H. KUJAWSKI

Rochester

Views of the V.C.

Sir: "The Organization Man" [Aug. 25] is an outstanding example of factual, in-depth reporting. Please accept my compliments for an objective and accurate description of that elusive enemy, the Viet Cong. The success of our military operations in Viet Nam is dependent in large

measure upon the support and confidence of an informed public. Perceptive articles such as this provide a valuable service to the nation and to your reading public.

U.S.C. SHARP
Admiral, U.S.N.

Fleet P.O.
San Francisco

Sir: Your picture of the Viet Nam War is the clearest I have yet read. The sooner we get out of Viet Nam the better. Viet Nam is for the Vietnamese, north and south. It is not for the French, the Japanese, the Chinese or the Russians. It is certainly of no value to the U.S., 6,000 miles away. We are only tolerated there by the generals who could not stay in power without us.

GEORGE CALDWELL

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Unfriendly Persuasion

Sir: Your POW camp training article [Sept. 1] revived memories of similar well-meaning efforts during and after the Korean War. Hardly a base, post or station was without its "torture and brainwash" school. All carried on with the best of intentions, of course. However, when all the evidence was in as to what actually went on in the POW camps of North Korea, it transpired that extremes of physical violence were the exceptions rather than the rule, occurring, it seems, to something like less than 1% of the prisoners. Treatment was far more apt to take psychological rather than physical forms. Our artillerymen are now (presumably) well aware of the extent to which they can be physically maltreated; are they equally aware of the far more common, insidious and infinitely more successful forms of psychological persuasion?

KEITH D. YOUNG
Major, U.S.A.F.

U.S. Air Force Academy
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Uncommon Bigot

Sir: George Lincoln Rockwell [Sept. 1] was not a common hulomonger of buckwounds bigot. He was the embodiment of forensic eloquence and razor-sharp intelligence, both of which had been honed to a hair thin cutting edge. His physical stature emitted strength as well as fear. The real tragedy of Commander Rockwell's demise is that such quality and potential leadership were befooled by a twisted alignment with a vociferous band of homicidal psychopaths

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and miscellaneous social rejects. It is my sincere conviction that if this man had not permitted himself to become ensnared in the morass that is the Nazi ideology, he would have served his nation with excellence as a U.S. Senator or perhaps a Cabinet officer. His combat record attests to this postulation.

Please comprehend that in no manner or form do I endorse the tenets of Nazism. I reject the entire Nazi philosophy. I only wish that Commander Rockwell had done the same.

DAVID LOUIS

Houston

Welcome to the Club

Sir: Your article on the misfortunes of Clarence Jackson [Sept. 1] brings to mind certain questions about our American judiciary system. What is wrong when an honest man like Jackson, who is trying to stand up for his rights, loses all that he has through legal processes? Yet, elsewhere, certain persons travel over the country inciting riots and committing treasonable acts, and nothing happens to them. Do we really have a democratic judiciary system or one that protects the innocent and prosecutes the innocent?

JEFF MORELOCK

Cleveland, Tenn.

Sir: Tell me has the American Bar Association yet bestirred itself to say "ho-hum" or anything?

ROBERT W. L. SMITH

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: Under the circumstances, we feel compelled to offer Mr. Jackson membership to the hallowed halls of Losers Incorporated. In this case, we will waive the initiation fee and annual dues.

JOHN H. KOHLOVEN
Chairman of the Board
Losers Incorporated
La Crosse, Wis.

A Huff & a Puff

Sir: Your story "Smoking & Safety" [Sept. 1] misleads in regard to Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. On Aug. 25 we tested some filters made by the Strickman group in order to be informed of the present state of development. Such testing does not indicate, as you aver, that Brown & Williamson is now "satisfied with the Strickman device." That is a conclusion that you formed without any verification from us.

E. P. FINCH

President
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville

► FINCH is happy to print President Finch's rebuttal, but the conclusion was formed by Robert Strickman, and clearly attributed to him.

Sir: Regarding Physician Armistead Hudnell's suggestion to punch a small hole in the cigarette. I tried it and discovered very little trace of nicotine in the filter on the punched half. Then I punched two holes—more effective! I then punched three, four and five holes. With a pair of scissors I snipped a hole all the way around the cigarette. Would you believe, not a trace of nicotine, tar, carbon monoxide or smoke? What a Golconda for me!

CHIT S. KACZKA

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: I wish the Cancer Society and the U.S. Health Department would go on

GENERAL ELECTRIC'S CORDLESS CLOTHES BRUSH

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Makes good grooming
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about their business and leave us smokers alone. They must have other work to do.

FLO HUGHES

A.P.O. San Francisco

The Way It Is

Sir: From experience, education, and research, I challenge every aspect of John Holt's thinking on educational practices [Sept. 1]. Very few children have such excessive fear of teachers and schools unless they are extremely emotionally disturbed. He is judging teachers by 19th century standards. If children have some fear of being wrong, this is good. Authority figures abound in our world. Education's purpose is to prepare people to function in society as it is: not in some utopian fairyland where there are no frustrations, or where no one is ever wrong or punished. The teacher's role is to impart the knowledge he has acquired, to guide the students' thinking, to explore, to experiment, and yes, even to test.

MARY P. AYScue

Staunton, Va.

Sir: I wish that all educators could share Mr. Holt's views and insights. Today's school system does more to suppress learning than to promote it. I am an honors student, but in these past twelve years I have learned neither history, science, French, nor English. Instead, I have learned how to fake an essay, how to cram, how to impress teachers, and how to comb my hair so that it will not appear to be in violation of the administration's dress code. The result is that upon leaving school one has the feeling that he never wants to "learn" another thing as long as he lives. Only through an approach such as Mr. Holt proposes will our school system achieve this ambitious, but necessary goal.

ROBERT LONDON

Los Angeles

Now for the Tar

Sir: I was happy to see that you had taken notice of the wanton slaughter of 2,000 purple martins [Sept. 1]. There was little said in any of the Missouri newspapers about the shootings other than the slightest notice of it. The Governor's name was never mentioned, and the impression was given that he was innocent as a babe of any responsibility for the act. I guess that Governor Hearnes figures if the people were stupid enough to elect him, they are stupid enough to believe that thousands of birds can be shotgunned on the mansion's lawn without his orders, or even his knowledge. I don't know how stupid a man can get, but when he can't tell a purple martin from a starling that's got to be getting close to the record.

PATRICK DERMOYD

Mexico, Mo.

A Croc

Sir: Logic sometimes outruns truth. It was a plausible assumption, in your article on René Lacoste [Sept. 1], that the French champion gained the sobriquet, *le Crocodile*, because he "played so fiercely." Actually, he was called that because of his saturnine poker face, and it would appear that his more vivacious daughter has inherited something of that same crocodilian countenance, if one might judge from some of her expressions while addressing a golf ball. There was never a more muddleheaded player than Lacoste in his heyday. He won so consistently because his ground-strokes could not be

faulted; and he was a past master of that now neglected piece of tennis finesse, the lob. His teammates, Cochet, with his half-volley, and Borotra, with his cakille bâlé, at the net, were the crowd-pleasers, not Lacoste, whose stroke-production always seemed to be rolling off one of those assembly lines he has since dominated in the business world.

CHARLES A. BRADY

Kenmore, N.Y.

Smoked Ham

Sir: What bitter tea it is to read that "two-way radio" [Aug. 25] has been "lifted" from its "ham" stage, to its role as "key instrument in a mushrooming minute-man-like communications network!" Time must know that since the 1920s the ham operator has provided emergency communications worldwide; has served in disaster areas, has often been the only link to scientific expeditions; has been active in space communications; has provided trained electronics personnel in wartime; has invested millions of dollars in communications equipment capable of operation independently of commercial power sources. Perhaps better to say that two-way radio has been lifted to the ham level of competence, dedication and service.

A. W. SMITH

Doylestown, Pa.

Giddap, Teddy!

Sir: The almost exterminated grizzly bear in the U.S. is a loner [Aug. 25] and rarely attacks humans unless startled, cornered, wounded or aggravated.

Many signs are posted in Glacier National Park warning of the presence and danger of grizzly bears. Likewise, at Yellowstone National Park the visitor is warned by innumerable signs not to feed, pet or tamper with bears (mostly black bears). However, one tourist went so far as to try to place a child, piggyback, on a black bear for photographic purposes!

GEORGE A. ERNSTOFF

Circle Pines, Minn.

Just The Family

Sir: The final paragraph of your obituary on Brian Epstein [Sept. 8] gives a false impression of the relationship between the Beatles and Mr. Epstein. The group wished to attend his funeral but, at the specific request of the Epstein family, agreed not to do so. Thus the essentially quiet and private nature of the burial was preserved.

TONY BARROW

NEMS Enterprises, Ltd.

London

Address letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Our Song.

*(To be sung to your husband
before his next business trip.)*



Take Me Along

From the Broadway musical "Take Me Along"



"Take me a - long if you love-a-me. Take me a - long if you love-a-me.



Take me a - long with you——. My heart will ride, sweet 'n glo-ri-ous



high a-bove the throng if you will Take me a - long with you——."

And this'll sound like music to his ears, too!
United's "Take Me Along" fare will save up to one-third
of a wife's fare both ways.

We'll let you charge it with our credit card.

We'll give you side-by-side seating.

And what's more, you can even get reduced hotel and car rental rates
on the weekend in most cities. So you can stay over and
stretch your trip.

Why not try our song?

It's really a pretty sound idea.

First Step: Call United or your Travel Agent.

*fly the
friendly skies
of
United.*

"Dave, they're playing our song."

Last year,
over a quarter million owners
of other low-price cars
were won over to Plymouth.
It started a movement, a momentum,
a beat.

Inside, our stylists kept Fury's options
from looking "added on."

The new automatic speed control
is on the turn signal lever.

The new air conditioning outlets are
integrated with the instrument panel.

The new stereo tape system is blended
with the radio.

To us, neatness counts.
And the beat goes on.

Fury has the biggest standard V-8
in its class.

And the biggest brakes.
And the biggest trunk.

It's also the heaviest. And the
most solid.

And the beat goes on.



This is the 1968 Plymouth Fury.
It's still long. And low. And wide.
But now, it's even more beautiful.

The front end is more massive.
So is the back end.

And in profile, no car in its class looks
anywhere near as luxurious. Because
of good, clean design.

And the beat goes on.



Plymouth



...the Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on



Buy quiet.



Air conditioning your home
is a sound way to shut out noises
from outside. Carrier goes
one better. Makes the air conditioning
itself quiet—by design.
Like high-density insulation.
Cushion-mounted fans and compressors.
Acoustically engineered throughout.
All of which helps explain why more
people put their confidence in
Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier[®] Air Conditioning Company

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 15, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 11

THE NATION

THE WAR

A Paucity of Choice

The most apt appraisal of last week's Viet Nam elections was probably that of Political Scientist Richard Scammon, one of the 22 official U.S. observers on the scene. The balloting was "reasonably efficient, reasonably free and reasonably honest," said Scammon. "I would use exactly the same words to describe elections in the U.S."

To a man, the 22 American observers

if defeated, allege fraud." Added Lodge: "I don't know why we treat some of the utterances of disappointed people over there any differently from the way we treat our own politicians here. A good old irreverent attitude toward some of these charges is somewhat in order."

A good old irreverent attitude was also in order toward New York's two Senators, Jack Javits and Bob Kennedy, who had cried "fraud" three weeks in advance of the elections. Neither rushed to withdraw his charges. Indeed,

it seemed likely that the North Vietnamese would reject it out of hand. Top Washington officials say that the Communists have made no attempt to signal any interest in talks.

What makes Johnson particularly anxious to achieve some breakthrough is the fear that the G.O.P. will capitalize on slipping public support for his conduct of the war. In a speech to the Republican National Committee last week, Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith charged that the Democrats are "bogged



THE PRESIDENT & HIS VIETNAMESE ELECTION OBSERVERS

Little hope for a settlement until one side or the other recognizes eventual defeat.

—ranging in political coloration from liberal Democratic Governors to conservative Republican Senators—reported back to President Johnson that the election victory of Lieut. General Nguyen Van Thieu (see *cover story*) seemed fair. To be sure, the observers could not be everywhere, and in most cases were taken in tow by Vietnamese officials. "We could all possibly have been bamboozled," allowed New Jersey's Democratic Governor Richard J. Hughes, "but it would have taken a minimum of 25,000 character actors and about 11,000 stagehands to put on the production we have seen."

Not surprisingly, eight of the ten losing Vietnamese presidential candidates cried "we was robbed!"—before the votes were tallied. Such protests, said former Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the observers, reminded him of the Tammany maxim: "Claim everything, concede nothing, and

they had become irrelevant. What most Americans wanted to know was whether the election might lead to negotiations.

G.O.P. Break. In the campaign, Thieu suggested talks with the enemy, but whether his government could get any started in the near future seemed doubtful. Thieu expects to take office around Oct. 1, and "maybe one week or ten days after that, I will suggest a bombing pause," he said. "But it all depends on how Hanoi replies to my suggestion." Judging from the diatribes from Hanoi, Peking and Moscow after the elections,

down and apparently incapable of either winning the war or bringing the fighting to an honorable conclusion. This week, before the American Mining Conference in Denver, House G.O.P. Caucus Chairman Melvin Laird planned to announce that Republicans are now "breaking" with Johnson on the war, though in general they have given him stronger backing than have the Democrats.

Search for a Gambit. To recoup some of the ground it has lost, the Administration last week was groping for a saving gambit. At the Pentagon, Defense

From left, seated: Governor Hughes, the President, Iowa's Republican Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, Standing: President Ed Monro of the National Association of Counties, Executive Director Whitney Young of the Urban League, President Werner P. Guelander of the National Association of Manufacturers, General Manager Stanford Smith of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Presbyterian Pastor Dr. Edward L. R. Edson, North Dakota Governor William Guy, Lodge, President James Antill of the U.S. Jaycees, Oregon Governor Tom McCall, North Dakota Commissioner of Highways Walter Hjelle, Editor Eugene Patterson of the Atlanta Constitution, Donald Herzberg of Rutgers University, President John S. Knight of the Knight Newspapers, former American Legion National Commander Eldon James.

Secretary Robert McNamara announced that the U.S. would throw an electronic barrier across the 17th parallel to stem infiltration from the North (see following story), which could result in reduced bombing of the North and thus help to placate Washington critics of the war. At the United Nations, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg was trying to line up support for a new bid to the Security Council to undertake a settlement of the war. The U.N., said Secretary of State Dean Rusk, "has a responsibility under its Charter" to do so. But the response was tepid, for many members figured that Moscow would only block any such undertaking, as it did in July 1965.

As Harvard Orientalist and former U.S. Ambassador to Japan Edwin O. Reischauer writes in a perceptive analysis of the war, a settlement of any sort

perhaps sharply shifting their present international orientation." A U.S. defeat, he believes, "would seem to be proof positive of the Maoist doctrine that what the Communists call 'wars of national liberation' are irresistible."

The third and only tolerable solution, concludes Reischauer, "is to force the other side gradually to reduce the scale of fighting and eventually to accept some sort of reasonable settlement."

Quick Win or Fast Fade? But how? Under unmitting pressure from advocates of both the quick win and the fast fade, Johnson has hewed to this middle course all along. He is loath to ease the pressure, fearing that Hanoi would interpret such a move as a prelude to a pull-out. He is also reluctant to risk any major intensification of the war, not only because it would entail vast additional expenditures and mobilization of the reserves, but because it might bring in Peking or Moscow. The President observed last week that he has not permitted bombing of Haiphong Harbor because when he thinks of the Soviet ships backed up there, he thinks of the S.S. *Lustigen* and the U.S.S. *Maine*.

As for negotiations, Hanoi has not budged from the position staked out by Ho Chi Minh in a letter to Johnson last February, when he categorically refused to consider talks until the U.S. "unconditionally" halted its bombing of the North and "all other acts of war." Until the 1968 presidential returns are in, Hanoi is unlikely to soften that stand.

That could prove an extremely costly decision. As Dean Rusk noted during his press conference last week: "When the U.S. puts its hand to something of this sort, something gives." Lyndon Johnson can only hope that if, indeed, something has to give in the next 14 months, it will be Hanoi's refusal to negotiate rather than U.S. patience and resolve.

Alarm Belt

It is a grim irony that Viet Nam's bloodiest battleground should be the Demilitarized Zone. The DMZ, established in 1954 to keep peace between the two Viet Nams, is a running sore. Across its six-mile width come Northern Communist troops to strike and then scuttle back over a frontier that U.S. fighting men are forbidden to cross. Other battalions slither between Marine outposts to attack from the rear, undermining Saigon's rule in its northern provinces.

Secret Weapon. Marines are fighting ferociously guarding the DMZ in 1967, but the invasion continues unabated. And so, in an effort to stanch this wound, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara last week confirmed long-rumored plans for a 47-mile barrier across Viet Nam just below the DMZ. It will stretch from the South China Sea to Laos, running only 25 miles south of the two great walls of Dong Hoi and Truong Duc, erected in the 1630s by the Nguyen dynasty to fend off the warring Trinh emperors of the North.

Military engineers will start work late

this year or early in 1968 on the barrier, known so far to the Pentagon as Project Dye Marker and immediately nicknamed "McNamara's Wall." But it will be no ordinary wall; instead of a Maginot line of concrete and steel, great tracts of rugged, mountainous jungle will be guarded by hidden electronic devices. Some, no larger than a silver dollar, can be seeded by aircraft; once in place, they will detect the movement of the smallest enemy groups and transmit warnings to gun crews miles away. "We are getting better and better at this sort of thing," says Charles M. Herzfeld, until recently director of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency. "I think that it is really our secret weapon." Still, there are plenty of bugs in the system: rats, dogs, or even rainfall can trigger the gadgets—and if it rains an average of 120 inches during the monsoon, Other zones will be swept by radar. Hair-thin trip wires, mine fields and conventional barbed-wire entanglements will block several notorious invasion routes.

McNamara's news was greeted sympathetically by Washington critics of the war, who see the barrier as a possible first step to scale down the bombing of North Viet Nam. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has urged such a barricade since April. But there was little enthusiasm from soldiers. They oppose any attempt to tie down troops in static positions while the enemy roams free. "Militarily, it's no great shakes," grumbled a Marine officer. An Army general was kinder. "I guess it can't hurt anything," he hazarded, "if it doesn't draw men or resources away from something important."

Childish Stories. At the risk of erecting a credibility wall between himself and the public by leaving almost every question unanswered, McNamara forbade all discussion of the barrier by military men to stop any seepage of information valuable to the enemy. Although he promised to keep Congress up to date, American taxpayers may never know the cost (\$1 billion over two years, according to one estimate) or the effectiveness of McNamara's stratagem.

At best, the barrier can re-demilitarize the DMZ and discourage North Vietnamese regulars from frontal forays against Marine outposts. But it cannot block the end run down the Ho Chi Minh Trail already made by thousands of invaders, or prevent men and munitions from being landed along the coast by night. "We know, of course," McNamara conceded, "that no obstacle system can stop the infiltration of personnel or supplies." North Vietnamese Major General Tran Do, deputy commander of Communist forces in the South, doubtless concurred. When rumors of the barrier were bruited about last year, he ridiculed them as "childish stories." "What is the use of barbed-wire fences?" scoffed Do. "when we can penetrate even Tan Son Nhut Air Base outside Saigon?"



McNAMARA DESCRIBING HIS WALL
To stanch a running sore.

may be out of reach until one side or the other recognizes that it faces eventual defeat." In a *Look* magazine excerpt from his forthcoming book, *Beyond Viet Nam*, Reischauer reasons that with negotiations apparently out of the question for the time being, the U.S. has three choices, "all of them unsatisfactory."

One is a major escalation of the war, which he dismisses as "absolute folly," since it "would give little promise of ending the war, while exposing us to absolutely unacceptable dangers." A second is withdrawal, which he finds "not much more attractive." For, argues Reischauer, "however our withdrawal might be papered over, it would be recognized everywhere as a defeat for us, and we would have to face the consequences"; the most important consequence "would be the psychological and political impact of our defeat." The nations of South and Southeast Asia, he writes, "would feel much less secure if the U.S. were forced to admit defeat at the hands of Communist insurgents. Such an outcome would send a massive psychological tremor through all these countries, further threatening their stability and

THE CLEARING AT THE DMZ



Huddled in trenches like World War I doughboys at the Aronne, U.S. Marines brace for an attack. Smoke in the background drifts up as 81-mm. mortars fire into no man's land.



From a 50-ft. observation tower, lookouts seek traces of enemy movement and, from the flashes of hidden Communist howitzers, direct American guns onto their targets.



Marines sweat out alerts along defenses south of the DMZ. Reinforcing the rifleman (right) and machine gunner is a tank dug into the hill to shield it from enemy artillery.



Seen from the air, the DMZ lies about two miles to the left of a 600-yr.-wide strip that the Marines bulldozed this spring. They call the 6.8 mile firebreak "The Obstacle." It will be part of the new barrier across Viet Nam.

REPUBLICANS

The Brainwashed Candidate

Many Americans of late have altered their views about the complex and bewildering war in Viet Nam without feeling obliged to offer elaborate justifications. Politicians, too, change their minds, and the good ones do so with such grace that people hardly notice, or such logic that everyone understands. Last week Michigan's Governor George Romney offered so inept an explanation of his shifting views on Viet Nam that it could end his presidential ambitions.

Romney's judgment has never been noticeably clouded by the hobgoblin of little minds. He strongly endorsed the war in July 1968 (before he first visited Viet Nam); he lent qualified support to the Administration's policy at Hart-

ford last spring (17 months after his return from Saigon); and most recently, he unequivocally denounced the U.S. commitment as a "tragic" mistake. Last week, during a Labor Day interview on Detroit's WKBD-TV, Commentator Lou Gordon wanted to know how Romney squared his current conviction that the U.S. should never have got involved in Asia with the comment he made after a tour of the war zone in November 1965 that "involvement was morally right and necessary."

Replied Romney: "When I came back from Viet Nam, I had just had the greatest brainwashing that anybody can get when you go over to Viet Nam."



WESTMORELAND GREETING ROMNEY & OTHER GOVERNORS IN SAIGON (NOVEMBER 1965): One of the swiftest laundrings on record.

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Replied Romney: "When I came back from Viet Nam, I had just had the greatest brainwashing that anybody can get when you go over to Viet Nam."

Gordon: By the generals?

Romney: Not only by the generals but also by the diplomatic corps over there, and they do a very thorough job, and, since returning from Viet Nam, I've gone into the history of Viet Nam, all the way back into World War II and before that. And, as a result, I have changed my mind.

Westmoreland and former Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge because "they were responsible for the briefings he received." Protested Republican Lodge, who with Westmoreland stood accused—at least indirectly—of having played Svengali to Romney's Trifly: "I never brainwashed anybody in my life."

It would certainly rank as one of the swiftest laundrings on record. The touring Governors spent only 31 days in Viet Nam, were exposed to formal briefings for only a few hours. (Oddly enough, one of the two State Department escorts for the tour was Jonathan Moore, now Romney's foreign policy adviser.) The fact is that Romney had done no homework on Viet Nam before his arrival there; he conceded that he had never read a book about the country. If he was really brainwashed, suggested one correspondent who covered the tour, it could have been because he brought so light a load to the laundromat.

Two days after making his comment,

Romney appeared in Washington, where newsmen gave him a chance to get off the hook by asking whether he might have been misunderstood. "I was not misunderstood," he snapped. "If you want to get into a discussion of who's been brainwashing who, I suggest you take a look at what the Administration has been telling the American people." With that, he whipped out a newspaper clipping in which Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara was quoted as saying, just before the 1966 election, that draft calls might be cut the following year. "The information was not accurate," said Romney. The Pentagon quickly replied that "it is the Governor who is giving inaccurate information," noting that draft calls for the first ten months of 1967 are down 136,840 from the 1966 total. Said McNamara: "I don't think Governor Romney can recognize the truth when he sees or hears it."

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all, because of its unintentional but magnificent ambiguity, came from Leonard Hall, chairman of the Romney for President committee. "I think it finally comes down to an issue of credibility between Governor Romney and Secretary McNamara," he said. "And given that choice, I have no doubt whom the American people will support."

Quite possibly, Romney did not fully comprehend the implications of that ugly term to brainwash. In any case, it is unlikely that his opponents in either party will allow him to forget his gaffe—not to mention the cartoonists, who henceforth will surely not miss a chance to picture the Governor's cranium wreathed in detergent foam. And all can do it with impunity, since he did it to himself.

Describing Romney as an "admittedly susceptible man," the previously sympathetic Chicago Daily News asked whether the U.S. "can afford as its leader a man who, whatever his positive virtues, is subject to being cozened, flimflammed and taken into camp." More damaging yet, the Detroit News, long one of the Michigan Governor's strongest supporters, announced in a lead editorial that it can no longer back him for the G.O.P. nomination and suggested that Romney quit the race in favor of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, a man "who knows what he believes."

The word, derived from the Chinese *hsia* (洗: to wash; *mo*: brain), came out of the Korean War. The third edition of Webster's *New International Dictionary* (1966) defines it as "prolonged and intensive indoctrination, sometimes including mental torture, in an attempt to induce someone to give up basic political, social, or religious beliefs and attitudes." The newer *Random House Dictionary* (1966) notes "the use of torture, drugs or psychological stress techniques," but also points out that the word has been broadened to mean "any method of controlled systematic indoctrination, especially one based on repetition or confusion." The dictionary cites TV commercials as an example.

Never in 19 Years

"I think this country is going to collapse," wailed a Michigan dairy farmer. If House Minority Leader Gerald Ford were not an optimist—and an ambitious Republican to boot—he might have thought so too, after four days of listening to dysphoric constituents in Michigan's Fifth District. "Never in my 19 years in Congress," said Jerry Ford at the end of a pulse-taking tour last week, "have I seen people so disturbed."

From Byron Center to Kent City, Saramic to Rockford, the voters seemed overwhelmingly unhappy. "It's nothing but taxes, taxes, taxes," growled a Cedar Springs man. "Negroes don't want equality," said a Kent City nurse. "They want superiority." "People want the hell out of that war," declared a Rockford constituent. "When I see L.B.J. on TV," groaned a Caledonia woman, "I almost break my tube—there's no sincerity there."

As for Republican hopes, the voters favored Nixon and Rockefeller over Romney for the presidential nomination. "What about Reagan?" some constituents asked Ford. "He's coming up fast," he replied diplomatically. Ford consistently defended such targets as President Johnson, the Supreme Court, Negroes and the poverty program against abusive attacks from extremist supporters. He even refused to capitalize on the pervasive disaffection with the Viet Nam war, insisting: "It is no longer an issue. We're in deep. What is an issue is the conduct of the war." His prescription for victory: more effective bombing.

Ford can afford such candor, of course, since he has the solid support of a heavily Republican district that has sent him to the House in ten consecutive elections. Moreover, last week's soundings back home supported his own nerve-end feeling, and that of many other C.O.P. leaders, that the Republicans have a fighting chance of recapturing the White House next year—and of winning enough seats in the House to elevate Jerry Ford from minority leader to speaker.

YOUTH

Unanswered Questions

Life was never dull for Dwight Hall Owen Jr. By the time he was a sophomore at Stanford University, ganging (6 ft. 4 in.), energetic "Dee" Owen had fought forest fires in the West, mined gold in Honduras, motor-scootered through Europe, and worked his way to Viet Nam. There, as a freelance newspaper correspondent, he became something of a hero by shooting it out with the Viet Cong when the 1st Infantry patrol he was accompanying was ambushed north of Saigon (TIME, Dec. 17, 1965).

Owen was so fascinated by the military and civil war for South Viet Nam that he signed up at 19 as the youngest assistant province representative with

U.S. AID. Owen spent nine months in the countryside working directly with Vietnamese peasants, earned their respect for his bravery and understanding of their needs. "The U.S. taxpayer pays me," he used to say, "but I am working for the guy in the paddy."

The eldest of three sons of a well-to-do Rhode Island family, Owen last fall returned to Stanford, where he smoothly resumed his studies, zestfully plunged into the social whirl and earned a commendable 3.2 grade average. But all the while, he could not forget the challenges of Viet Nam. "There's a world of reality out there," he wrote a friend, "and sometimes it makes this one seem strange."

Not even the joys of Christmas-partying could dampen his curiosity about Viet Nam. "I couldn't help contrasting it with the Christmas before," he wrote

—EL. BROWN



"DEE" OWEN IN VIET NAM
For the guy in the paddy.

later. "As much as I was enjoying myself, I knew even then that I would have to return to Viet Nam. There are simply too many unanswered questions for me there, and I'll have to go looking for them."

In July, Owen returned to Viet Nam. As an adviser to that nation's Revolutionary Development Program, he was assigned to work with villagers in Viet Cong-infested Quang Ngai province, 300 miles northeast of Saigon. Fortnight ago, Owen and three other Americans volunteered to drive from Quang Ngai City four miles to a coastal hamlet to warn U.S. and Vietnamese co-workers that Viet Cong had attacked the city and were believed still to be lurking in the area. On the way back, the Jeep was ambushed. Taking cover in a cornfield, Owen and his companions were bombarded by a Viet Cong mortar barrage. One round exploded near Owen. Stunned, he staggered to his feet and was fatally shot through the heart. Dee Owen would have been 22 next February.

POLITICS

Chaos on the Left

After a summer of mounting disenchantment with President Johnson, it seemed to many left-wing groups that the time was ripe to coalesce the nation's discontent into a third national political party. But when 200 radical organizations tried to do so last week in Chicago at a convention of the National Conference for New Politics, the result was a shambles.

Delegates to the five-day meeting, 2,000 strong, ranged from Trotzkites to Maoists, from bearded antiwar protesters to barefoot poverty workers. Their slogan: "Don't Mourn for America—Organize!" Martin Luther King urged that next year's elections be turned into a "referendum on the war"—and Pediatrician-Protector Dr. Benjamin Spock declared his willingness to head the ticket. Such ambitions were quickly doused in a power grab by 400 militant Negro delegates.

The Dictator. For two days, the Negroes haughtily segregated themselves behind a locked door at the Palmer House. "Black Caucus," declared a sign on the door. "For Blacks Only!!" When they finally appeared, it was with a splenetic 13-point statement, which they insisted the convention accept or they would secede. The Negroes' demands included 1) Negro membership on all committees, though they made up only about 20% of the delegates; 2) "white civilizing" committees to "humanize the savage and bestial character of whites" as "exemplified by Lyndon Baines Johnson"; and 3) condemnation of the "imperialistic Zionist war" between Israel and the Arab states.

The white delegates complaisantly approved the statement. "Anyone who does not like it can go to hell," declared James Forman, a director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. A delegate asked: "Is this a dictatorship?" "Yes," snapped Forman, garbed in a white African tunic and flanked by bodyguards. "And I am the dictator."

The convention fizzled to an end when the militants refused to support formation of a third party presidential candidate. Instead, they agreed to run local candidates in such states as New York and Michigan—a development not likely to cost Lyndon Johnson or his Republican opponent much sleep.

CITIES

Two Firsts for Washington

Washington, D.C., was the first major American city with a Negro majority in its population. Last week it became the first U.S. city to have a Negro chief executive. Named by President Johnson as the first commissioner, or mayor, in the capital's reorganized city government was Walter Washington, 52,

Flint, Mich., has a Negro mayor, but his duties are largely ceremonial.



WASHINGTON



STOKES



HATCHER

Government by qualification rather than color.

chairman of New York City's housing authority and one of the nation's top experts in that field.

By background and training, as well as color, Washington is well qualified to run D.C. A capital resident since his college and graduate days at Howard and American universities, he worked in the city's housing authority for 25 years, becoming chairman in 1961, a post he held until he moved to New York last year. In both cities, he was known for his ability to bend supposedly unbreakable bureaucratic rules to get new low-income housing built, and to bring a sense of esthetics to that ugly duckling of American architecture. His wife Bennettta, now head of the Women's Job Corps, was formerly principal of Cardozo High School in one of the district's worst poverty areas.

Though he will have considerably broader authority than the city's cumbersome three-man executive board, Washington, who will govern with a yet to be appointed nine-man city council, will have less authority than most other big-city mayors. Not only will he owe his \$28,500 job (\$6,500 less than he made in New York) to the White House rather than the city's voters, but he must also pass his budget through Congress, most particularly the frequently unsympathetic House District Committee.

Rematch in Cleveland

Cleveland, whose population is only 35% Negro, in 1965 came within a hairsbreadth of becoming the first major U.S. city to elect a Negro mayor. It may still be the first. The leading contender in the Oct. 3 Democratic primary is Carl Stokes, a Negro state legislator who, running as an independent two years ago, fell short of winning the election from Incumbent Ralph Loether by only 2,143 votes.

Stokes, 40, a handsome, articulate

lawyer with an outstanding record in the Ohio House of Representatives, has based a low-key campaign on the lackluster administration of Mayor Loether, 52, and the apathy toward ghetto problems at city hall that helped stir four days of rioting last year in the Negro slum district of Hough. Stokes's campaign advertising proclaims: DON'T VOTE FOR A NEGRO FOR MAYOR. Underneath, in smaller type, the ads urge: "Vote for a Man Who Believes in Cleveland, Carl B. Stokes." Figuring that he can count on East Side Negroes anyway, Stokes has concentrated his campaign on the white West Side where, as he notes, his support two years ago was "a little less than overwhelming." (He won 3% of the total white vote.)

Stokes's moderate, constructive platform has won him the active support of several leading white businessmen. Last week the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which had endorsed Loether in his three previous campaigns, came out for Stokes in a front-page editorial. "This personable young man," said the city's only morning paper, "has vigor and imagination. He has the courage to try new solutions to the urban problems that are plaguing Cleveland and other cities."

If Stokes wins the primary, he faces a strong challenge in the November election from Republican Candidate Seth Taitt, 44, grandson of the 27th President and cousin of Congressman Robert Taitt. A lawyer, Taitt wants to bring municipal government closer to the people with 15 "branch city halls," promises to revitalize a sluggish urban-renewal program. He is an energetic and knowledgeable campaigner who would probably attract many normally Democratic votes on ability alone. But, in a race with Stokes, he would probably also attract many other Democrats who could just not bring themselves to vote for a Negro.

Plea from Gary

Under normal circumstances, a Negro mayor would be a certainty in Gary, Ind., this year, and Richard Hatcher, 34, the Negro councilman who won the Democratic primary last May, should, by this time, be choosing his office curtains. Voter registration is approximately 4 to 1 Democratic, and the Lake County machine is one of the smoothest in the country; as a consequence, no Republican has been elected mayor in the last quarter century. But circumstances are not exactly normal in Gary this year.

Hatcher has been cut off without a penny by the local machine, which is standing absolutely idle. The city's Democratic bosses clearly hope that the mayoralty will go the Republican candidate, Joseph Radigan, 46, a prosperous furniture dealer with no previous experience in politics, who, like Hatcher, promises to clean up the corruption and vice that have made the gritty steel town (pop. 178,000) a byword for vice in the Midwest. In desperation, Hatcher has sent urgent appeals to the Administration in Washington and printed a full-page plea for campaign funds in the *New York Times* (cost: \$6,960).

Red, White & Blue. Gary's Democratic party boss, John Krupa, bases his opposition on a wild claim that Hatcher, a lawyer and the great-grandson of a Georgia slave, is linked to Communists and advocates of Black Power. "I'm not against Dick Hatcher because of his color, unless it's because he's Red," Krupa says. "I'd like to see a Democratic mayor, but he has to be a red, white and blue one." Krupa's real motives—aside from Hatcher's color—seem more basic. Not only has Hatcher pledged to end corruption, he has also rejected outright the machine's usual demands for patronage—which,

he says, include selection of the city controller and the police and fire chiefs. Says Hatcher: "I've come too far to make deals."

Whatever the machine's motives, the issue for most of Gary's voters is likely to be black v. white. Negroes constitute a 55% majority of the population, but whites and Negroes are about equal in registration—and Krupa, who happens also to be county clerk, is not about to open the rolls for a new registration drive. While Republican Radigan has so far avoided the racial issue, his color says enough for many Garyites, and the city's white Democrats, who voted overwhelmingly for George Wallace in the 1964 presidential primary, may well decide to switch party affiliation.

MILWAUKEE

Groppi's Army

Milwaukee's Negroes constitute only one-tenth of the city's population and—partly for that reason—have yet to mount a major rebellion on the scale of Watts or Detroit. Yet, like other ghetto-dwellers, they have their grievances. In the Inner Core, as Milwaukee's Negro slum is called, unemployment is more than twice as high as in the historically German and Polish districts that surround it. Housing is decrepit in the Core, educational levels as low as in Harlem or Cleveland's Hough.

Nonetheless, Milwaukee is a traditionally well-disciplined city, and the Negroes' legitimate complaints might well have been adjusted in the wake of the Inner Core's abortive riots last August. They were not, in large part, because a white Catholic priest insisted on militancy rather than mediation.

Proyer v. Pugnacity. The Rev. James Groppi, 36, a Milwaukee-born Italian-American, is remembered by his fellow seminarians as a devout, self-effacing youth. Assigned to St. Boniface Church in 1963 as assistant pastor, Groppi (rhymes with puppy) found himself in the heart of one of the North's most strangely segregated cities—and soon became "chaplain" to the N.A.A.C.P.'s local Youth Council. A summer's march in Selma, Ala., two years ago confirmed him in his militant's role.

Known to the Negroes as "Ajax, the White Knight," Groppi found a valid local cause in the quest for an open-housing ordinance. Mrs. Vel Phillips, 43, a pretty Negro who is Milwaukee's only black alderman, has five times proposed that such a measure be debated by the 19-member common council; each time she was put down by a vote of 18 to 1. Groppi leaped into the issue like an avenging angel. As a result, says U.S. Representative Clem Zablocki, who speaks in Congress for most of Milwaukee's South Side, much of the city has become "not so much anti-Negro as anti-Groppi."

Outburst of Pique. Groppi and his Youth Council "commandos," most of them husky, high-spirited Negro lads, failed during the August riots to march

on the Graustarkian downtown city hall where Democratic Mayor Henry Maier holds sway. They were checked by Maier's ironclad curfew. Earlier this month, the Groppians paraded through the Polish-dominated South Side and were met by abuse, firecrackers, beer cans and rage. Last week, while Groppi lay ill with summer flu and exhaustion, 80 of his stalwarts descended on the mayor's office, chanting "Soek it to me, Black Power" and "Mayor Maier, you punk!" For four hours, while cops stood by passively under orders from Maier to keep their cool, the commandos waited for a mayoral appearance. Then, in an outburst of pique, they ripped up leather chairs, dumped drawers on the floor, and defaced a mural with obscenities.

At week's end "Ajax" Groppi's commandos—reinforced by some 1,200 civil rights enthusiasts—once more marched through the South Side in an effort to obtain an open-housing ordinance. It is not likely to come until either Groppi cools down or the city's white majority shows more sympathy to the complaints of its Negro neighbors.

THE HIGH SEAS

Ahoy?

South of the Rat Islands, beneath the grey-green greasy Pacific swells off Alaska and close to the international date line that keeps Thursday from being Friday, an American submersible is missing. Shrouded in a fog bank, the S.S. *Robert Louis Stevenson* started on her first—and presumably last—underwater cruise on Aug. 10. Ever since, the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard have kept five search vessels and a gaggle of aircraft looking for the *R.L.S.*—to the intense interest of Russian trawlers in the area.

It is not that the Navy wants the *R.L.S.* back. It was trying its best to

sink her when she escaped. A superannuated World War II Liberty ship taken from the mothball fleet, she had been halffasted with concrete and topped off with a cargo of 2,000 tons of overage torpedo warheads, mines and other obsolete ammunition, becoming in effect a floating bomb. Then she was fitted with six Sofar charges with hydrostatic fuses set to shiver her bulkheads automatically under the pressure of 4,000 ft. of water. One purpose of the planned undersea blast was to help the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency sharpen scientific techniques for detection of bootleg underground atomic tests. It was also a convenient way to dispose of munitions that become unpredictable with age.

But Sofar proved not so good. When a demolition crew opened her sea cocks, the unmanneled *R.L.S.* drifted out of sight before a brisk son'caster and lingered for 16 hours instead of disappearing from radar screens in four hours, according to schedule. Where she finally came to rest, nobody is quite sure, and the waterlogged hulk of the *R.L.S.* is almost "transparent" to sonar blips used to locate submarines. But it seems likely that she lies in about 3,500 ft. of water—not deep enough to activate the fuses. Because the added pressure of a vessel passing overhead might detonate her, all shipping was ordered to keep clear. But early attempts to explode the lost ammo ship with bombs dropped by Navy Invader jets were in vain. The special fuses fitted to three 1,000-lb. bombs did not go off.

Late last week a magnetometer towed by the U.S.N.S. *Silas Bent*, a 285-ft.-long floating oceanographic laboratory, transmitted a suspect blip. But more than a score of wrecks litter the ocean floor off the Rat Islands; until a special camera synchronized to a high-powered strobe light can be lowered over the spot, the sea is guarding its secret.



"R.L.S." IN TOW OFF ALASKA
Sofar not so good.

THE PLEASURES & PAIN OF THE SINGLE LIFE

THREE is a new, privileged, spotlighted, envied group in the U.S. It is composed of "the singles"—the young unmarried whose label connotes, as in tennis, an endeavor more vigorous, more skilled and more fun than mere doubles. Proportionately, there are fewer singles in the population than there were 20 years ago, because young Americans are tending to marry at an earlier age. But they are the focus of a major part of advertising and salesmanship, the direct target of new approaches in housing and entertainment, the considerable despair of some established institutions, and the apostolate of a freer code of mores for the young. In some quarters, they are called—or like to call themselves—the "swingers."

Not every single, nor perhaps even a majority, participates fully in the subculture. To enjoy it to a considerable degree, a single must be relatively young, relatively well-to-do, and live in a big city. Participation begins with graduation from college, which represents both in symbol and reality an end of dependence on family. The new graduate takes off for the big city, looking for a job and an apartment of his or her own. And he begins determinedly to swing. In the ultimate, this means buying the highest of hi-fis, the deepest of modern sofas, the deepest of pop artifacts, the most seductive of lounging pajamas or sports jackets. If sooner or later a prospective mate moves in, the big city does not mind. Few landlords would dream of objecting, and sophisticated married friends ask coupled singles for a weekend with no thought of separate rooms.

Power as Well as Freedom

The new freedom is the more radical for the single girl. Because of her increased economic competence and society's more permissive moral standards, today's swinging single is free in a myriad of ways her mother never dreamed of—free morally from the restraints of home and the strictures of religion, free economically from dependence on family allowance, free geographically from the confines of the home town, and free sexually through her increased security against unwanted pregnancy. Today's maiden is often assumed to be less concerned with being chaste than being choused—and caught, perhaps often—before she marries.

For the male, the impact is more obvious if less real. In magazines devoted to his interests, the happily unmarried man is seen surrounded by elaborate hi-fi speakers (which he may never be able to afford), appealed to by makers of Great Books and good booze (which he may never read or drink), praised by hairdressers and hairdressers for his swinging singularity (which he earnestly aspires to), and pursued by indefatigably seductive girls. Once a docile follower of the style of his elders, the new bachelor finds himself the mold of fashion; with his mating plumage studied and envied by beaten-down husbands who, in comparison, begin to feel as tired and scruffy as a suburban lawn in a dry summer. The late John F. Kennedy, himself a swinging bachelor until 36, neatly framed both the stimulating and debilitating aspects of bachelorhood in a wry note that he wrote to Paul Fay in 1953: "I gave everything a good deal of thought—so am getting married this fall. This means the end of a promising political career as it has been based up to now almost completely on the old sex appeal."

Sex appeal aside, market analysts agree that the singles have more "discriminatory buying power" than any other group. "They are not tied down by mortgage payments and insurance policies," points out Advertising Executive Kenneth Corman. Thus they offer a rich bonanza for sellers of sports cars and flowered vests, stretch pants and elaborate lingerie, costume jewelry and queenly cosmetics, ski weekends and Florida vacations, and other amenities that, without being absolutely essential, contribute to the joy of living.

The statisticians, in their computerized wisdom, figure the singles as a \$60 billion market. To those who object that the young marrieds after all buy more of the solid things of life, from houses to dishwashers, the merchandisers briskly point out that the young marrieds are an ephemeral market, image-wise. As soon as they conceive a child, they become conservative and budget-minded, and "disposable income" suddenly evokes not vacation trips but diaper service. While the young wife is still working and before the baby is born, they are, in effect, "singles together."

While the image to sell is singleness, the real focus is on youth and glamour. This idea was classically exploited by Ford's highly successful sales strategy for the Mustang—aiming at the single as a way of bagging many a married. "Youth is the key to the market," says Grey Advertising's Murray W. Gross. "Everything is on a youth trend—even products for the man or woman of 65." Dean Acheson, 74, former U.S. Secretary of State, touched neatly on another side of this point recently when he said that "today only the blim" refer to the middle 60s as "old age."

Where to Meet

Along with their freedom, the singles have discovered that their habitat—the big city—is an assembly of strangers. As strangers, they need a place to meet, some social mechanism that is the equivalent of the high school dance or the corner soda fountain or the church young people's group, where boys and girls can meet, measure, consider, examine, sample, negotiate. Across the nation, entrepreneurs have found a demand for housing complexes catering specifically to the singles, with organized cocktail parties, dances, fun and games. Chicago's Sandburg Village comprises six high-rise buildings, offers a single-minded supermarket of activities: bridge and ski clubs, touch football, excursions, painting classes and parties on the sun deck. The Los Angeles area's South Bay Club apartments, which started with \$1,000 capital three years ago and is now capitalized at \$11 million, has 933 apartments jammed with singles and a waiting list, will add 1,500 apartment units next year. Atlanta's Peachtree Apartments puts out a *Tropic Crier* that advertises the merry events in the life of "PTA" dwellers, reports marriages among the clientele, and invites newcomers to parties where, says the *Crier* archly, "prizes are awarded to the drunks" and "we never call the police."

In some cities, Friday's newspapers are studded with ads offering the single a pub, a pad or party or anyway a place to meet. Many of these offers mean simply that the promoter has hired a hall. But even with admission charges at the customary \$2 or \$3 each, the singles flock there in desperate numbers and with such dependable persistence that a promoter can count on as much as \$2,000 for one night's work. Some operations remain sleazy reruns of the '30s dance joints, where lonely out-of-town girls gather in groups of two and threes while guys on the prowl case the merchandise. But most have evolved from the primeval sludge of the lonely-hearts club, and owners now consider themselves a smooth amalgam of mogul and psychiatrist.

The Young College Graduates Club, which meets every Friday, usually in the Moderne Ballroom of Manhattan's Belmont Plaza Hotel, requires all applicants to show proof of college attendance—even though this proof may be as questionable as a college ring that fits. House Party, a New York organization that provides "warm, cozy," homelike places for singles to meet, is so austere that it serves no liquor and thoroughly examines the credentials of its primarily professional clientele. "We strive," claims President Ronald Garretson, "to create an atmosphere for people who don't care to sit on a bar stool or get tapped on the shoulder at a dance." The atmosphere seems to be its

resistible. Fourteen thousand members pay \$10 a year to belong, another 6,000 pay up to \$3 apiece to drop in on weekends, and House Party ("If you are looking for a date or a lifetime mate House Party is for you") soon hopes to have franchises in Philadelphia and Chicago. The comparable Never on Friday Club (never a date, that is) of Los Angeles has gone from 7,000 members in 1964 to 64,000.

Computer services, which were once treated as a joke, have turned into a solid business. Typical is the Compute-A-Date division of the American Compute-A-Service Co., Inc., of Chicago, which started only a year ago but already has some 6,000 names. Vice President John Damijanic, 28, says that a girl applicant can expect an average of one dinner from each of her five computer-chosen dates; at an entrance fee of \$6, she is ahead almost as soon as she fills out the little card specifying preferences (white, Negro, Oriental, Indian, Arab, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, nonreligious, other, divorced) and gets a match with her own card of self-analysis—which includes such questions as whether she believes sexual activity is healthful. Most popular answer: "In some ways yes, other ways no."

In city after city, run of the gin-mill bars have been turned into "dating bars." What converts an ordinary bar into a dating bar is a weekend admission fee (usually \$1), a large welcome for single girls, and a good neighborhood. In Manhattan, the neighborhood is along First Avenue in the 50s and 60s, an area well populated by airline stewardesses and young career women, converted brownstones with quaint apartments that attract upwardly mobile young executives. Nearly every night, there are lines of singles, male and female, waiting to get in to Mr. Laffs, Maxwell's Plum and Friday's. In Chicago it is The Store, in San Francisco it is Paoli's. In Dallas, it is the TGIF (Thank God It's Friday).

The travel and resort business puts on special promotions for the singles. There is the beach or travel party club—a solution to traveling alone—such as the Club Méditerranée, which has built a 500,000-member clientele in Europe and is successfully offering equal opportunities to Americans. The Méditerranée's basic gimmick for togetherness is that you always sit at a table for eight—but you can change tables for any meal. This spring Hilton Hotels launched a special tour to Puerto Rico aimed at the singles market: "What can you expect for \$133 on your Hilton Swingers Week in San Juan?" A welcoming cocktail and plenty of action. "Fashion shows, cinema, horse racing, free feature motion pictures and a souvenir photograph of you and your new friends . . . Sound like your line of fun?" In the first four months, Hilton reported happily, it had 1,200 applicants—even if it was the off season.

At a Clear Disadvantage

So cuddled and cosseted, the single in America, it would seem, might be the happiest of men or women. But on closer examination, despite the frivolity and freedom, the swingers' velocity is not quite as rapid as it at first appears.

In fact, the unmarried in America are in many respects at a clear disadvantage. The single male who goes to the hospital stays there an average nine days longer than the married man—presumably because there is no one at home to take care of him during convalescence. The married man gets more out of life—in years, that is—because the single man tends to die earlier. A study at the Mental Research Institute of Berkeley, Calif., of men and women, nearly all of whom were 23 years old or more, found that the single male ranks highest in severe neurotic symptoms. Whether he is neurotic because he is single, or single because he is neurotic, is not clear. The study did find that the least unhappy person is the married man.

For business careers, singlehood has its liabilities. As Vance Packard reports in *The Pyramid Climbers*: "In general the bachelor is viewed with circumspection, especially if he is not well known to the people appraising him." If he is still in his 20s, the personnel manager worries whether he is too busy with his love life to devote full attention to his job. "The worst status of all is that of a bachelor beyond the age of 36. The investigators wonder why he isn't

married. Is it because he isn't virile? Is he old-maidish? Can't he get along with people?" Maybe he can't. "Failure to marry in either sex is the consequence of a fear of it," says Psychiatrist Irving Bieber. "There is increasing recognition that bachelorhood is symptomatic of psychopathology and that even though women may yearn for a husband, home and family they withdraw from fulfilling their wishes because the anxiety they associate with marrying is more powerful than their desire for it."

No Sexual Watershed

As for the sex revolution, it is not all that it is gossiped to be. For one thing, only a relatively small proportion of the total single population participates. John H. Gagnon of Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research points out that 50% of all brides are still virgins, and another 25% have slept with only their prospective mate. Says Gagnon: "The bulk of intercourse continues to be oriented toward marriage. We haven't passed any sexual watershed." For every modern swinger, there is an untold number of the merely forlorn. The ratio is as old as mankind, unrecorded and unrecordable, but it is roughly the ratio of glamour girls to plain Janes. Today's plain Janes have opportunities their spinster aunts never did—trips to Europe, a Peace Corps assignment in Asia, interesting jobs in research or government. And in all of these places, they have a chance to display a mettle that may attract a man who might otherwise have been addled by a momentary attraction to a dumb blonde. But many of them end up living lives of quiet desperation, punctuated by pathetic sorties to dating clubs or organized dances or singles weekends. Despite the frenetically gay ads, these are often exercises of last resort. An ad for a weekend at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills offers an insight into the dark side of the single life. Promising a phantasmagoria of pleasures, the ad saves its ultimate weapon for the end. "This," it says, "may be your last 'singles party.'"

The side that this approach appeals to is well analyzed in quite familiar terms by Judy McKeown, at 23 a TV personality in Chicago and still single: "You can go out every night with a different guy, but after a while you're bound to get tired of it, because all the running around you're doing is in a circle. Really, you don't get anything. You don't get to learn anything about people. You'll find six months of it is a very long time. After that, you're asking yourself, 'What's going on? What's it all about?'" The more lasting relationships that the singles develop are based on their own standards, even if they contrast sharply with those upheld by, say, the late Dorothy Dix, who told a young girl asking for advice: "Why should he marry you after six months if he can get what he wants now? Do you really believe he will marry you after he's had you for a while?" The modern single's answer is yes, and if he does not, there is something wrong with the relationship and it is just as well that he doesn't.

The greatest pressure on the singles is the classic one—loneliness. In prosaic terms, this is coming back to an apartment where the breakfast dishes are still unwashed, the morning paper exactly where it was dropped, where nothing has moved. Mayo Mobs, a freelance journalist still single at 33, puts the unmarried's problem in a frame of reference that is more romantic and more telling: "The lack a single person feels most acutely is when he leaves his group to go off somewhere on a trip, one of those trips that his single status lets him enjoy. It can occur in front of a castle, on the quiet deck of a boat going up the Rhine, or on any overlook anywhere, looking at a sunset. Faced with such a sight, the natural tendency is to want to turn to someone to say, 'Isn't that beautiful?' and to enjoy it together. And when you turn, there isn't anyone there."

Most singles know that a single man cannot be a thing of beauty and a boy forever and that a single girl is like a single letter in the alphabet, waiting to mean something to someone. Even the most swinging single, who has been insisting "Not yet," inevitably crosses a watershed when the question becomes a panicky "Is it too late?" Ultimately, the singles devoutly wish that they weren't.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Vote for the Future

(See Cover)

Western democracy was centuries in the creating. Teaching its fragile forms and subtle exercises to an alien culture would be a difficult experiment in the best of circumstances. To try to transplant democracy to Viet Nam in the year 1967 would seem a rash and reckless enterprise in the worst of places at the worst of times. Yet this year, South Viet Nam has promulgated a constitution written by a popularly elected Constituent Assembly. Voters in more than 4,000 villages and hamlets have gone to the polls to choose their own local of-

icials. And last week the people of South Viet Nam chose a President, Nguyen Van Thieu, a Vice President, Nguyen Cao Ky, and 60 Senators in a free election that confounded the fledgling nation's friendly critics and its mortal enemies. In the U.S. and Viet Nam, by word and by bullet, it was an election conducted under fire.

On the basis of what they were able to see from the necessarily limited vantage point of a VIP tour, the observers reported that the elections were surprisingly unsullied (see *The Nation*). But their report was merely corroborative

loud charges of fraud, for the South Vietnamese know all too well what rigged voting amounts to: in the country's two previous presidential elections, Ngo Dinh Diem won by 98% and 88% of the ballots cast.

Since they commanded the loyalty of the army, the resources of the government, and had the almost certain prospect of victory to use as leverage in making deals for votes with the country's large sects—the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai—Thieu and Ky had counted on taking more than 50% of the vote. Privately, however, U.S. analysts in Saigon had calculated that in an absolutely free and unpressured vote, the Thieu-Ky ticket would probably garner between 30% and 50% of all votes cast. Thieu was actually elected President with 34.8%.

Rhetorical Inveictive. The electorate also had some other surprises for the experts. By everyone's reckoning, the two top civilian candidates were Tran Van Huong, 64, the rigidly honest onetime mayor of Saigon, and Pham Khac Suu, 62, former chief of state and present Speaker of the Constituent Assembly. But both men were left in the dust by Truong Dinh Dzu, a plump 50-year-old lawyer with a fiery McCarthy-like gift of rhetorical invective. In fervent measure, Dzu attacked both Thieu and Ky as he campaigned on a peace platform. Coming in second, he pulled 17% of the vote, as against Suu's 13% and Huong's 12%.

Perhaps the most striking proof of the election's essential honesty was the contest for the 60-seat Senate. With the 480 candidates blocked off in groups of ten to a slate, the voters had to choose six from among the 48 slates. On the theory that it would ensure him a loyal majority in the Senate, the complex system was devised by Ky himself last spring when he expected to be the presidential candidate. But the voters were not amenable. Ky personally backed eleven slates, and all but one of them lost. Thieu promoted two slates, and both lost. Huong promoted two; both lost. Runner-up Dzu backed five; all lost. Indeed, the six triumphant slates look something like a political scientist's dream of incipient democracy come true: two are likely to support the Thieu government, two are in-stolt opposition, and two are independent.

A U.S. Dove. When all the returns were in, it seemed clear that the balloting procedures had not hindered voters so much as they had contributed to an honest election. Each voter presented his yellow registration card at the polls and had its corner snipped off so that he could not use it to vote again. He then picked up one envelope and eleven separate ballots, each bearing the symbol of a ticket and photographs of its presidential and vice-presidential candidates. Election officials carefully in-



PEASANTS VOTING AT DIEU GA HAMLET

Confounding both the friendly critics and mortal enemies.

ficials. And last week the people of South Viet Nam chose a President, Nguyen Van Thieu, a Vice President, Nguyen Cao Ky, and 60 Senators in a free election that confounded the fledgling nation's friendly critics and its mortal enemies. In the U.S. and Viet Nam, by word and by bullet, it was an election conducted under fire.

An Echo in the U.S. Well aware that a successful turnout would destroy their claim to represent the South Vietnamese people, the Viet Cong condemned the election weeks in advance as a "hoax." It was so rigged, they said, that its results would be on U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's desk days before the actual balloting. By clandestine radio, turtive pamphlet and whispered word of mouth, they warned the peasants to boycott the polls on pain of death. To make sure that their message was understood, during election week Viet Cong terrorists killed 190 civilians, wounded 426 and kidnapped another 237.

Certain that they had scant chance

evidence. It was the election results that provided the most eloquent and telling testimony to the integrity of the voting.

Courageous Choice. On election day, 4.7 million South Vietnamese flocked to 8,800 red-and-yellow-hammered polling stations throughout the narrow nation. They constituted a remarkable 83% of the registered voters. Even though no attempt was made to register or poll those people living in Viet Cong-dominated regions, the total represented 60% of South Viet Nam's voting-age population—surprisingly close to the 63% turnout of U.S. voters in the 1964 U.S. presidential election. By any measure, it was an impressive and meaningful ballot cast in favor of representative government. Though many of the voters went to the polls because the government urged them to, from crowded Saigon to remote hamlets it still required a courageous choice to defy the massive Viet Cong threats of reprisals.

It was also a clear repudiation of the

LIEN DANH DAN CHU



UNG-CU TONG-THONH

NGUYEN-VAN-THIEU

UNG-CU PHO TONG-THONH

NGUYEN-GAO-KY

LIEN DANH BO GIAU THANG



UNG-CU TONG-THONH

TRUONG-BINH-DZU

UNG-CU PHO TONG-THONH

TRAN-VAN-CHIEU

SAMPLE BALLOTS FOR THIEU & DZU TICKETS
Political scientist's dream come true.

selected him to enter the polling booth, select the ticket he wanted to vote for, insert it in the envelope and then drop the sealed envelope in the ballot box. The voter was to tear the other ten tickets in half and insert them in a refuse box. The same procedure was followed with the Senate slates, except that the voter had to choose six ballots out of the 48 available.

It was neither a quick nor an easy process. Voting in Saigon's bazaar city hall, Thieu timed himself and found it took three minutes. Candidate Huong nearly invalidated his own vote, and was caught just in time by a peering poll watcher as he started to insert his ballot in the box without its envelope.

The stylized symbol atop each ticket was the first and last eye-stop for many voters. In the hamlet of Dieu Ga, ten miles outside Saigon, a mother with babe on hip voted for the rice-stalk symbol of Ha Thieu Ky because, she said, she "liked rice very much." An old woman chose Dzu's white-dove ticket thinking it was a chicken. Dzu used the dove symbol to dramatize his peace platform, but in fact only highly educated Vietnamese were likely to have made the connection: the dove as an emblem of peace is a notion largely unfamiliar to the Vietnamese. Dzu took it from a Christmas card mailed to him from the U.S. by a fellow Rotarian.

All Too Honest. Everywhere, skeptics were alert for signs of a fix, but hard evidence of dishonesty was hard to come by. In the village of Thai Hiep Thanh in Tay Ninh province on the Cambodian border, a reporter watched suspiciously as Warrant Officer Le Van Thanh marched his platoon of armored troops into the schoolhouse voting station. Had he told his men how to vote? he was asked. No,

he replied, why should he? He himself had voted for Civilian Huong. On the outskirts of the Delta city of Can Tho, Farmer Ly Van Tam found the procedures all too honest for his liking. "My wife is ill and cannot come," he explained, "so I brought her voting card, her identity papers and a family picture to prove I am her husband. But still they would not let me vote for her." It cost Thieu an extra vote, he added, because "Thieu and Ky have shown they can work, not just talk."

Brown-robed Buddhist Monk Thich Hanh Dao said that the monks in his Delta pagoda had discussed the candidates before voting, "and we all agreed to vote for the same person." That person was Huong, the monk hinted, but he admitted that he would not have been surprised if some of his colleagues had changed their minds. "When you walk into that little black room," he said, "you suddenly become aware that you really are free to pick whomever you want. It makes you stop and think."

A Vote for Ky. A surprising number of Vietnamese seemed to do just that—think for themselves. And those who did vote to order were not necessarily backers of the government ticket. In the ancient imperial capital of Hue, for example, Thich Tri Quang, the militant Buddhist monk, sent out word to vote for Siu. As a result, Siu not only carried Hue but nearby Damang and Huu Thien provinces as well. Huong, as expected, carried his old mayoralty of Saigon. Peace Candidate Dzu won five provinces, all longtime, hard-core bases for Viet Cong activity: he was runner-up to Thieu in 26 provinces heavily combed with Viet Cong cadres. Inevitably, the suspicion arose that the Viet Cong had quietly passed the word to

voters to support Dzu. The accusation drew from Dzu an angry but logical rejoinder: Thieu, after all, beat him in 26 V.C.-infested provinces—"Why not say Thieu got the V.C. votes there?"

It was the vote from the countryside that swept Thieu into the presidency as he took 38 provinces to bolster the lead he piled up in the cities of Dalat, Vung Tau and Cam Ranh. In the process, Ky was an invaluable running mate. Out in the countryside, only two Vietnamese political figures are likely to be known by the peasants: Ho Chi Minh and Nguyen Cao Ky. By no means rare was the peasant on election day who, when asked if he had voted for Thieu, adamantly shook his head and said that he had voted for Ky.

Eminently Credible. There was also another large group of voters who knew Thieu and Ky very well and were likely to vote for them as their once and future employers. That group included the 620,000 men in the armed forces and their 270,000 dependents, the police and civil servants, the strongly nationalist, anti-Communist religious sects of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai, and sizable numbers of Catholics. All told, they represented a potential block of over 2,000,000 votes. The fact that Thieu's winning total was only 1,600,000 votes virtually nullified any claims of fraud, even though Dzu and six other civilian candidates kept their promise and served notice last week that they will ask the watchdog Constituent Assembly to invalidate the elections and order new ones. Thieu's winning margin was so eminently credible that the Assembly is unlikely to take any heed.

Occasional irregularities there surely were, just as the U.S. has its West Vir-



VICTIM OF VIET CONG BOMBING AT TUY HOA POLLING STATION
Orders to boycott on pain of death.

ginia presidential primaries and predictable voting patterns in Cook County, Ill. But among the Vietnamese, the overwhelming feeling about their own election last week was that it was honest as they have ever known, more honest than anyone expected. That feeling promises much for the future of Viet Nam—and for the new mandate of President-elect Nguyen Van Thieu.

Quick Awakening. At 44, the President's boyish face and unfurrowed brow belie a lifetime intertwined with the travails of his country. Thieu, whose name means "one who ascends," was born in the village of Ninh Chu on the South China Sea. His father was a farmer and fisherman, but his brother Hieu, 16 years his senior and now his Ambassador to Rome, was a Paris-

and won an officer's rating, but he turned down a billet on a ship when he found the French owners proposed to pay him less than their French officers.

The Chicken Vendor. The French were just then opening up their first officer class for the newly created Vietnamese army. Thieu enlisted and graduated at 26 with a second lieutenant's commission and orders to take command of an infantry platoon in the Delta. It was Viet Minh country, and the platoon got a hostile reception. For two weeks, the peasants would not even sell it any food. Then one day the Viet Minh mortared Thieu's little camp. After the bombardment, an old man suddenly appeared with eggs and chickens to sell. "I knew why he had come," says Thieu, "I said, 'Don't believe I am

four years as commandant of the National Military Academy at Dalat, a period that to this day continues to provide him with a reservoir of support among many middle-grade officers who look up to him as their teacher. His entry into politics came in December, 1962, when Diem assigned him to the command of the 5th, or Anti-Coup, Division, strategically positioned just north of Saigon. Thieu was put there because Diem did not trust the previous commander, Nguyen Due Thang, now Thieu's Minister for Revolutionary Development and one of the ablest Vietnamese officials around.

Diem's trust in Thieu was misplaced. Only eleven months later, the young colonel led one of the 5th Division's regiments in the coup against Diem. In the wake of Diem's overthrow, Thieu won his general's stars and the secretary-generalship of the junta that took over.

Love at First Snapshot. Canny, cautious and quiet through all the intrigue of the seven governments that came and went until he and Ky took power in June 1965, Thieu stayed close to the shifting center of control. Though he was chief of state in the military government that ruled Viet Nam until last week, and thus was nominally No. 1, Thieu was overshadowed by the flamboyant Nguyen Cao Ky, who as Premier visibly ran things. Thieu seemed a man more private than public.

His private life was distinguished by something still rare in Asia: a marriage not of convenience but of love. As a young officer he had been attracted by a snapshot carried by a colleague of a pretty Delta girl; he sought her out, fell in love, and in 1951 married her, Nguyen Thi Mai Anh was a Catholic. Thieu a Confucian Buddhist, but for her he promised to convert to Catholicism. He finally did in 1958—just in time, his detractors say, to help his army career under the Catholic Diems.

The Thieus have two children: 14-year-old Anh is in a convent school in Dalat; six-year-old Loe lives at home in the family's modest military quarters near Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport. There Thieu, who likes flowers, dabbles some evenings with a trowel, or walks through the compound with an air rifle, shooting birds that are cooked and served to dinner guests. His real love is weekend fishing with cracked crab bait in the Saigon River or in the South China Sea.

By Vietnamese standards, Thieu is considered remarkably free of corruption, but there is little doubt that he has occasionally accepted the shadowy perquisites that go with high office throughout most of Asia. On his lieutenant general's salary of \$509 a month (the President's salary has not yet been fixed), he has reportedly managed to accumulate considerable acreage, and can afford to send Mme. Thieu to Paris now and then for a shopping spree.

As President, Thieu now gives every sign that this time he intends to be



THIEU & FAMILY AT SAIGON HOME
Something still rare in Asia.

trained lawyer and the family's chief meal ticket. It was Hieu who sent Thieu to school in Saigon and Hué. Thieu had just finished high school when World War II began and the Japanese came. His first contact with the U.S. was inauspicious: American planes bombed Ninh Chu by mistake in a raid on Japanese coastal installations. Moreover, he recalls, "everyone at the time believed that the Japanese had given us our liberty" from the French.

When the French came back in 1945, Thieu, like so many of his countrymen, chose patriotism over ideology and enlisted in the Viet Minh, the forerunners of the Viet Cong. He was a district chief, but his awakening came quickly: "By August of 1946, I knew the Viet Minh were Communists. They shot people. They overthrew the village committee. They seized the land." Thieu decided that the Communists were Viet Nam's real enemy, and he sneaked off to Saigon. There he tried the merchant marine

stupid, father. You came to check the accuracy of your mortar fire. I could kill you, but I won't!" Instead he bought the chickens.

Thieu was neither stupid nor sentimental in the field. In 1954, promoted to major, he found himself leading an attack on the Viet Minh in his own village, Ninh Chu. The Communists retreated into Thieu's old home, confident that he would not fire on his own house. Says Thieu with grim satisfaction: "I shot in my own house." The only cause for criticism the young officer ever gave his superiors was an innate caution that made him less aggressive than they sometimes would have preferred—a reluctance to commit his troops to battle unless he felt absolutely sure he could win. It was a trait Thieu was to carry into politics.

Meanwhile, he moved steadily up the army ladder. In 1956, and again in 1960, he was sent to the U.S. for specialized military training. He put in

No, I in fact as well as in title. Whether Ky can gracefully accept Thieu's dominance remains to be seen, and a balky Vice President could well prove the most difficult problem that the President will have to face. Ky wanted the top job himself and openly campaigned for it while Thieu went around quietly gathering support among the other generals and officers. It was only after an emotional two-day showdown meeting of the ruling military group that Thieu forced Ky to stand aside. Ky's public explanation of what happened is that "I stepped down to protect my country when I saw friction develop between Thieu and me and I thought it would do great damage to the military and the Vietnamese people."

Last week the friction between the two was still evident. At a lavish election-eve reception, for which invitations had been issued in both Thieu and Ky's names, Ky pointedly did not appear. NBC had arranged for both men to appear on its *Meet the Press* program this week, but when it came time for the taping, Thieu told NBC that he would not appear with Ky. Thieu's press officer coolly explained why: since most of the questions would deal with "policy matters, if General Ky sits through the program, there would be no questions directed at him." Thieu appeared alone.

Checks & Balances. Whether by accident or design, the powers of Ky's vice-presidential post under the nation's new constitution are virtually nil. Unlike his counterpart in the U.S., Ky is not even assured of becoming President if something happens to Thieu before his four-year term is up. Only if the President dies in his last year does the Vice President take over. If the President dies before that, the Vice President merely takes over for three months to organize the election of a new President and Vice President.

The constitution is a remarkable document in other ways. Haunted by the specter of Diem's dictatorship, the drafters created a check-and-balance system of an executive, a bicameral National Assembly and a judiciary in which most of the checks are on the power of the executive. Thus, though the President determines national policy and commands the armed forces, his decrees, even in times of emergency, must be approved by the National Assembly; his vetoes of legislation may be overridden by a simple majority of both the Senate and House of Representatives. (The 137-man House will be elected Oct. 22, to complete the nation's constitutional government.)

The House and Senate have the power to impeach the President and Vice President; they can amend the constitution by a two-thirds vote, and they have the power to declare war and make peace. The Assembly also will choose the nine to 15 judges who will make up South Viet Nam's Supreme Court.

An amalgam of U.S. and European

democratic structures, the constitution is American in its provision for a popularly elected President, European in the predominance of power it gives to the legislature. Even so, the fact that his country is at war, plus the power of the army at his back, inevitably gives Thieu a leverage in the legislature that is greater than a mere reading of the constitution might indicate.

Free from Lottery. Just how much leverage will amount to depends in large part on Thieu's political skills, which are likely to be sorely tested—as they ought to be in a democracy—in his dealings with the legislature. Most Vietnamese politicians believe the six elected Senate seats will soon form into three groups—pro-government, opposition and swing-vote blocs—that will

success of Truong Dinh Dzu, are likely to try to emulate it by turning into little Dzus, hitting hard at Thieu and plumping for peace at almost any price.

The Dzu Story. Basking in the sudden attention generated by his surprising finish, Dzu himself is already claiming the right to lead a coalition of the civilian opposition. But there has been no rush to fall into the ranks behind him; even by the devious standards of Vietnamese politics, Dzu is a maverick and a jumble of contradictions. Born in Binh Dinh province, he was schooled in Hanoi, moved to the Delta city of Can Tho to practice law in 1944, then on to Saigon in 1945. He soon demonstrated an ability to work with anybody.

One of his partners and good friends



KY WITH WIFE MAI & FAMILY AT NHA TRANG ON ELECTION DAY

Now No. 2, will he try harder?

become solid nuclei for the development of two or three future nationwide political parties. Sure to cause trouble with Tri Quang and his militant Buddhists is the fact that half the new Senators are Catholic, although Catholics represent only 10% of the population.

But in fact the House, not the Senate, is the stronger of the two houses of the National Assembly, and the situation there promises to be far different. The House election will be along strictly representational lines, free from the lottery of states. Candidates must run in their own localities and, in an astonishing show of vitality, some 1,500 are doing just that in the 137 election districts—302 are campaigning for Saigon's 15 seats alone. Some candidates will be disqualified before the official House campaign gets under way Oct. 6, but it will almost surely be a free-swinging campaign. A good many candidates, having observed the unexpected

was Nguyen Huu Tho, a onetime Saigon lawyer who now heads the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front. That friendship lent some credence in voters' minds to Dzu's claim to be able to negotiate with the Communists. Another law partner was Mme. Nhu's brother, Tran Van Khiem. It was a profitable alliance for both men since the Diem family connections gave them an inside track with judges and the police. Along the way, Dzu visited the U.S. and became such a fervent Rotary Club member that he served a stint as Rotary director for all southeast Asia. He always wears his Rotary Club tie.

Earlier this year, several Americans in jail on currency-violation charges accused Dzu of promising to spring them if they paid him \$10,000 to bribe their judges. The investigation was dropped to allow Dzu to run for the presiden-

—Ky holds his only child by Mai; the other five children are from his former marriage.

cy. The most energetic and eloquent of the eleven candidates, he daily unleashed a barrage of invective at Thieu and Ky, all the while claiming plots and sabotage meant to damage him. Consistency was no hobgoblin; he first said that he had met with Tri Quang to join forces, then denied it. He said Viet Cong sympathizers had been encouraged by the N.L.F. to vote for him, then he denied that. Everywhere he "demanded" an end to the war, pushing peace like a patent medicine. In fact, his peace proposals differed little from those of the other candidates. Dzu merely shouted his louder and more often.

Not Ministrable. Dzu's very energy made Sun and Huong seem old and tired in comparison. His cattailing at the vested authorities, Ky and Thieu, undoubtedly struck a gleeful chord in a country where, as Henry Cabot Lodge observed in *Newsday*, "a Vietnamese proverb says that five evils afflict mankind: fire, flood, famine, armed robbery and central government."

Dzu's showing dramatized the essential honesty of the election, but it has not made Thieu's task of transition from military to constitutional rule any easier. Thieu's first job as President is to pick a Premier who, under the constitution, presides over the daily running of the government. Then Thieu must select a Cabinet. The Premier is likely to be his campaign manager, Saigon Lawyer Nguyen Van Loc, or perhaps Sun's running mate, Dr. Pham Quang Dan. In the effort to broaden the base of the government, a goodly number of the Cabinet posts are slated for civilians; Thieu and the U.S. had hoped Huong and Sun would be among those chosen. Even if they do come into the Cabinet now, their prestige is badly tarnished. And Dzu himself, as the French saying

goes, is not *ministrable*. Thieu would not have him, and Dzu would probably not accept, even if asked.

A Thick Prospectus. Next on Thieu's agenda is the follow-up on his own campaign promise of a bombing pause and an effort to talk with Hanoi about peace. The U.S. is willing to accede to a brief bombing pause that does not endanger U.S. lives in the battlefield, provided that Hanoi, as Dean Rusk said last week, comes through with "some response, some reciprocal action." But Hanoi has already publicly lambasted the notion of dealing with President-elect Thieu; privately, Washington has seen no alteration in the Communists' mood. Thieu himself has little faith that Hanoi will reply favorably and, in any case, he does not intend to call for a pause until "a week or ten days" after his inauguration next month.

The U.S., anxious that none of the momentum of Viet Nam's promising start in legitimate government be lost, has a thick prospectus of recommendations and reforms it hopes the new government will undertake. Among the most important: the elimination of corrupt and incompetent officers, and the army's reorganization so that it can fulfill its assigned mission of security and pacification in the countryside; the elimination of corruption throughout the government, and an influx of able civilians into government.

Less Leverage. Thieu's own list for what he calls his "first six months" is virtually the same. Fifty military officers, from generals down to second lieutenants, will be disciplined or cashiered, he says. The armed forces will be reorganized and troops transferred from divisional commands to province-chief control for use in pacification. Probably half of the country's 44 province chiefs will be replaced, as corruption is punished, performance rewarded, and the general quality of these key positions upgraded. Finally, "something" will be done to deliver on the Manila Conference's promise of "national reconciliation" for Viet Cong who defect to the government's side.

The U.S. is well aware that its leverage and influence in Saigon are likely to diminish under an elected government. Thieu will not be dealing with a rubber-stamp congress any more than Lyndon Johnson does. Some measures that both he and the U.S. want may be rejected by the Vietnamese legislature, particularly if Thieu fails to mobilize a majority in the Senate and the House. But given U.S. determination to help South Viet Nam create a viable nation, that is a small price to pay.

The Vietnamese, in all their long and agonized history, have never had a government they could truly call their own, or even one that responded to their needs and listened to their complaints. Last week's election was a fairer and surer step in that direction than most had dared hope.



THIEU RELAXING AFTER VICTORY
Father found he wasn't stupid.

End of the Lull

War in Viet Nam has its own cruel rule: after any lull, the fighting resumes with much greater ferocity than before.

For Delta Company of the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, the two-month-long election lull ended last week in a hail of mortar shells that thudded down just after the company had dug in for the night near the town of Que Son, 30 miles south of Danang. The company commander radioed battalion headquarters that he had been jumped by a company of North Vietnamese regulars. It was nothing that he could not handle, he said. But he was dangerously mistaken. Facing his 100 leathernecks were some 1,000 North Vietnamese regulars, and they were primed for a fight. "Those people had brand new field telephones, new gas masks, pressed uniforms and shiny weapons," explained a division operations officer later.

The Marines contracted their lines into a tight perimeter, then called in artillery and air strikes to shield them. Helicopters dumped napalm gas directly onto the enemy. Though its lines were breached at several points, Delta Company held its ground, and by next morning, two Marine companies were hellbent to the rescue. They caught the North Vietnamese as they attempted to retreat and killed 130 of them.

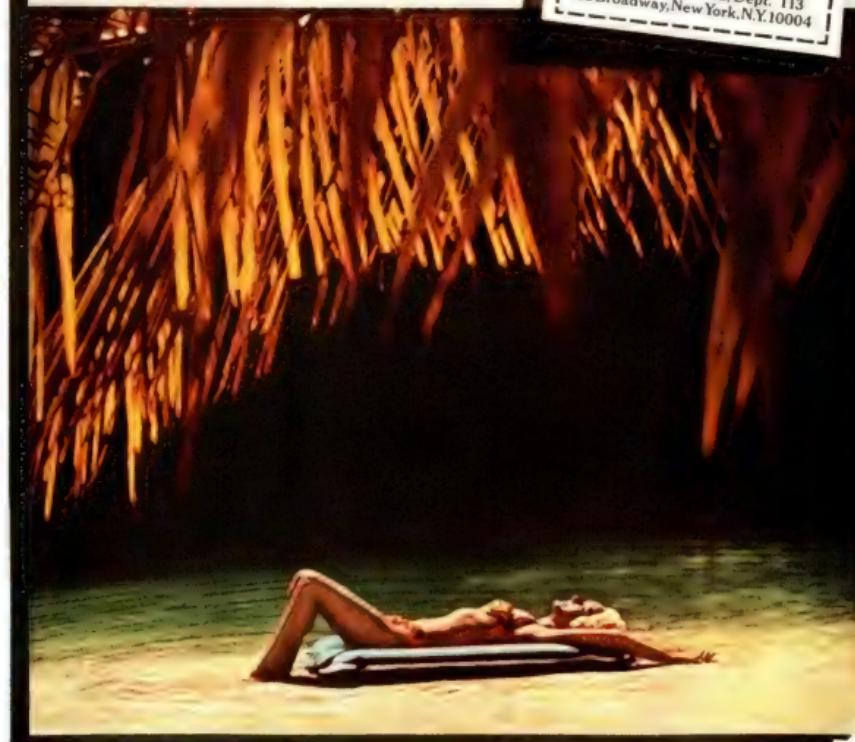
Spooked by Spooky. As the North Vietnamese fled south toward the rising foothills of the Central Highlands, the Marines, now six companies strong, took off in pursuit. But the North Vietnamese were retreating to an area where at least a full regiment of more than 1,000 men was already entrenched in dugouts and caves. At dusk, the Communists struck back at the outnumbered Marines. Bayonet-wielding North Vietnamese soldiers charged the U.S. positions; some got within 15 feet of Ma-



RUNNER-UP DZU
Consistency was no hobgoblin.

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Elsewhere, Spooky did the job.

rine machine guns before they were cut down. Marines snatched grenades from their dead buddies and hurled them without taking time to aim. By midnight, the attack faltered; the North Vietnamese filtered back toward their hilly hideout. In the engagement they lost 184 men. The Marines' losses: 70 killed, 184 wounded.

Elsewhere, the action was equally violent but less prolonged. In an unsuccessful attempt to capture Tam Ky, the capital of Quang Tin province, 40 miles southeast of Danang, the Viet Cong lost 210 men to withering fire from South Vietnamese troopers and the "Miniguns" of a U.S. C-47 gunship called "Spooky." Near the DMZ, a battalion of North Vietnamese regulars ambushed a tank-escorted Marine convoy on its way to the "Rockpile" strongpoint that overlooks infiltration routes from North Viet Nam. Two Marine companies barreled up the road from either direction, catching the North Vietnamese in between. Result: 92 enemy and five U.S. dead.

New Numbers. U.S. intelligence officials now believe that Communist combat manpower in South Viet Nam may not be as high as present official estimates indicate. A study of recently captured documents and interrogations of prisoners suggests that the number of hard-core Viet Cong fighters should be scaled down somewhat from the present figure of 65,000 and that the roster of local guerrillas should be reduced slightly from the current 120,000 total. No matter what the numbers, though, the enemy still shows a willingness to fight—at least when he has managed to concentrate a superior number of troops against his American and South Vietnamese opponents.

THAILAND

Slap Against the Reds

Like neighboring Viet Nam, Thailand has been waging a long, lacerating war against Communist guerrillas. To combat some 1,800 terrorists operating in the country's 15 Northeastern provinces, Premier Thanom Kittikachorn's government has sent 15,000 troops and civilian volunteers into the area. But last week it was the Thai security police who struck at the very power center of the insurgency. In a predawn roundup, they arrested 33 of the country's top Communist leaders, including twelve Central Committee members of the outlawed Communist Party of Thailand.

The prize catch was 45-year-old Thong Jansri, a Peking-trained Vietnamese who was chief organizer of the guerrilla movement. Among the others: the guerrillas' chief quartermaster and contact man who kept them supplied with food, money and other necessities, the head of the execution squad that picked village elders or other local leaders for assassination, a Defense Ministry official who moonlighted as a Communist intelligence agent and indoctrinator, and two renegade policemen.

Along with tons of Communist propaganda, the police also turned up plans for a Red Guard-style youth movement. "It's not only that we've picked up a lot of the top brains," said Police General Chamrarn Mandukana. "We've got people who were responsible for supplying funds, coordinating couriers and keeping the whole Northeast movement going. They're exceptionally difficult to replace."

Protection Money. The raid was not a death blow for the guerrillas, but it was a painful slap. Under the government's counter-insurgency program—financed partly by the U.S., the guerrillas are feeling ever-increasing pressure, and the government is trying hard to win and hold peasant loyalty.

Since they are a gentler people than the Vietnamese and have no colonial history to rebel against, the Thais are largely unresponsive to Communist ear-nards about "imperialism." They do not readily respond to promises of new tractors, loans and a better life. The Reds are often forced to try such blackmail tactics as getting up a shopping list of a village's needs, getting the people to sign it, then a week later claiming that the list has fallen into government hands. The whole village, the Reds say, will go to prison unless it accepts Communist "protection." Sometimes, the guerrillas even try to claim credit for the new schools and roads that the government is building in the Northeast. "You would never get them without us," one terrorist told a crowd. "They show the government is afraid of us."

Even the threat of assassination is not always a weapon against the Thais. Last June, when 70 terrorists invaded tiny Ban Khaw Noi and called everyone out for a propaganda session, local

teacher Khun Thit holed up in his hut with a pistol. He pumped his only two bullets into two terrorists who came after him. Then he grabbed a submachine gun from one of his victims, rolled himself up in a mattress and began blasting away when the rest of the band tried to take him. Two hours, 400 rounds and several grenades later, when the noise finally brought nearby police to the rescue, Thit and the terrorists were still shooting it out. The schoolteacher is now a national hero.

SOUTH ARABIA

Gone With the Wind

There was no question that the government of the Federation of South Arabia was overthrown last week, but where were the people who toppled it? The British-backed sultans, sheiks and emirs were all on the lam, and no one came to take their place. Nine of the 14 Cabinet members were abroad taking "health cures," talking with other Arab leaders or simply salting away their money in foreign banks. Four others were missing—either kidnaped by nationalist rebels or in hiding. That left Hussein Ali Bayoomi, the Information Minister, as almost the lone government official in the deserted federal capital of Al Ittihad. "The government is finished," said Bayoomi. "It is gone with the wind."

Busy Fighters. There was no telling how long it would be before the wind blew in a new regime. British High Commissioner Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, after a quick trip to London for consultations, announced over Aden radio: "It is urgently necessary that a new government should take over. I rec-



NLF GUNMAN IN TOWN NEAR ADEN
Won't somebody please take over?

ognize the nationalist forces as representatives of the people and am ready to enter into discussions immediately with them." The nationalist forces were too busy fighting each other to stop to talk to Sir Humphrey.

Pitched battles were in progress between the National Liberation Front (N.L.F.) and the Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (F.L.O.S.Y.) for control of two of the federation's 17 states. The N.L.F. already holds twelve, F.L.O.S.Y. two. Only the emir of Beihan is still unbothered by the rebels. In Aden, the federation's dominant state, not even the presence of 10,000 British troops could prevent street fighting between the two groups.

The trouble between them goes back to Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who once backed the N.L.F. which has always been strong on terrorism but weak in leadership. In 1966, Nasser switched his support to the newer and more political F.L.O.S.Y. Today, the N.L.F.'s only visible leaders are its secretary general, Qaftan al Shaabi, 47, an engineer who once served as director of agriculture in one of the federation's tiny sultanates, and his hard-eyed young nephew, Feisal. What outside support they have, if any, remains their secret. F.L.O.S.Y. on the other hand, boasts a stable of well-known politicians and administrators, led by Abdul Qawee Mackawee, 48, sometime Chief Minister of Aden, and Abdullah Asnag, 32, former boss of Aden's powerful trade unions. For the past five months, F.L.O.S.Y. has operated a government in exile, complete with a full shadow Cabinet, a capital in the Yemeni city of Taiz, and operating headquarters in Cairo.

No Talking. The British, understandably, would rather deal exclusively with the N.L.F., which is not only stronger than F.L.O.S.Y. but is also anti-Nasser. Trouble is, the N.L.F. is simply not equipped to run a government, and with the territory scheduled to gain its independence in January, the British are trying hard to bring the two groups together in a coalition.

That will take some doing. In Cairo, Mackawee and Asnag refuse to talk to the British, apparently on the theory that the only honorable way for revolutionaries to come to power is to seize it. They also refuse to talk to the N.L.F., whom they now accuse of being British puppets. Mackawee also has another reason for hating the N.L.F.: three of his children were killed when N.L.F. terrorists blew up his home in February.

THE MIDDLE EAST

A Distant Peace

In the aftermath of their Khartoum summit meeting, some Arab nations finally began to patch up their quarrels with one another. They also began to deal more rationally with the West. Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Libya dropped their oil embargo against the U.S. and Britain and reaffirmed their promise to

subsidize Egypt and Jordan to the tune of \$392 million a year as long as "traces of Israeli aggression" persist. Egypt and Sudan restored landing rights to Britain's BOAC, and Egypt was on the verge of allowing T.W.A. back into Cairo. Even those two archenemies among the Arabs—Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Saudi Arabia's King Feisal—were talking to each other. After agreeing to end their five-year war in Yemen, Nasser unfroze more than \$100 million worth of Saudi assets in Egypt, and Feisal denationalized two Egyptian-owned banks that he had taken over earlier this year.

Such actions may have impressed Arabs—but not their Israeli conquerors, to whom true peace seems as distant as ever. Jordanian and Egyptian troops fired at Israeli border positions five times last week. During one skirmish at the mouth of the Suez Canal, the ir-

Yugoslavia's President Josip Tito, Eban explained, was only wasting his time trying to peddle his peace formula. "Let us imagine that I were to go to Washington, Mexico, Caracas and Dar es Salaam in order to discuss Yugoslavia's relations with her neighbors. Wouldn't somebody say, 'Now what is Abba Eban up to? What business is it of his?'" Then Eban posed much the same question for the United Nations General Assembly, which reconvenes later this month to discuss the Arab-Israeli war. What business is it of the U.N.? he asked. "Our advice to the General Assembly will be not to attempt what is beyond its power and responsibility. The main responsibility for working out a solution of this conflict rests in the area itself. It is for Israel and the Arab states together to formulate and determine the conditions of their coexistence. A solution cannot arise externally."

BERLIN

Mission to Moscow

A "West Berlin Day" in Moscow? It was hard to believe, but there it was. Just as surprising, the name day was, of all things, part of an international fashion show. Though their hemlines and politics may not always coincide, West Germany and Russia now agree that the best way to improve relations is to improve trade, and lately both countries have been promoting the proposition with a vengeance. Berlin's honored place at last week's 27-nation International Fashion Festival in Moscow marked a high point in the new spirit of cooperation.

Heading up the West German mission to Moscow was Dr. Karl König, West Berlin's Economics Minister. Like the other West German visitors, König could hardly hide his glee when Russian designers flocked to German displays. They sketched and photographed everything, from the wildest mod look to the more functional fashions that Russian women favor. "Even seamstresses couldn't believe how we put our coats and dresses together," said one West Berliner. "It was all I could do to keep them from tearing the garments apart to see how they were made." Buyers were more guardedly envious about Berlin displays of women's undergarments, especially the green, blue and brown bras. "People would look at this part of our exhibit only if no one else was around," said one attendant. "They turned away if someone else came up."

König hopes to triple the volume of Berlin-Soviet trade this year, and Moscow's festival is sure to help. But though Berlin's fashion industry has made the biggest eastward strides, the city's Siemens and Telefunken electronics plants, its razor-blade factories and other industries are also sending salesmen behind the Iron Curtain. Last month East Germany ordered 1,500 railroad cars



ISRAEL'S ESHKOL (RIGHT) AT SUEZ
No one's business but the home folks'.

riated Israelis finally wheeled up tanks and mortars and bombarded the Egyptian resort town of Port Tewfik, killing 44 and wounding 170 others. Two days later, Israeli Premier Levi Eshkol flew to the Suez battlefield and told his troops that "we must be on our guard and hold the positions and frontiers that our forces have reached." Said Eshkol bluntly. "There is no better border than this canal."

Advice to the U.N. Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban called a press conference in Jerusalem and once more spelled out his country's position. "We have looked in vain for any sign of moderation in the official attitude of the Arab states," he said. "There are no such signs at all. The Khartoum conference decided on three principles: no recognition of Israel, no negotiation with Israel, no peace with Israel. These resolutions cannot be described as moderate decisions."



GERMAN MODELS AT RUSSIAN FESTIVAL
Hard to hide the glee.

and \$12.5 million worth of cable from West Berlin; the city in turn bought milk from nearby East German state farms, despite vehement objections from West Germany's powerful farmers' union.

For all its eastward effort, Berlin this year will still be doing 90% of its business with the West; it will still be meeting its high transportation costs and overhead with some \$2 billion in subsidies from the federal government in Bonn. But Berlin's bridge to the East is less important for the money flowing back over it than as a symbol of the city's effort to re-establish itself as Western Europe's major economic crossroads on the route to Moscow and Eastern Europe.

GREECE

"I Am the Boss"

Triangles can be as troublesome in politics as they are in romance. Thus, when a triumvirate of more or less equal members took over as Greece's new government after a military coup last April, it was almost inevitable that sooner or later the rule of three would be replaced by the rule of one strong man. Last week most Greeks agreed that Colonel George Papadopoulos, 48, was that man.

At first, Papadopoulos had settled for the relatively unimposing post of Minister to the Premier. Brigadier General Stylianos Pattakos took over the powerful Interior Ministry, and Colonel Nicholas Makarezos assumed control of Greece's economic fate as Minister of Coordination. Once in office, though, Papadopoulos steadily improved his position. Last month he steered through the Cabinet an edict establishing a "general directorate of government policy" that operates under his personal con-

trol and gives him veto power over all laws drafted by the various ministers. In addition, he has created his own mini-Cabinet, which supersedes the work of regular ministries in such diverse fields as press censorship, civil service and sports. He has trimmed the power of his junta associates by relieving Pattakos of command of the politically powerful armored forces training center near Athens and putting his own men in key positions as troop commanders and secret police officials.

Papadopoulos' power comes chiefly from the support of a couple of hundred zealous junior army officers, who demand nothing less than total reform of Greek political life. They are already pressuring Papadopoulos to move into the so-called "second stage" of the revolution, which calls for sacking the civilian Premier, Constantine Koliias, whom the junta reluctantly installed at the bidding of young King Constantine. Next would come the creation of an all-military Cabinet, with Papadopoulos himself as Premier. As far as Papadopoulos is concerned, the post is already his. In a recent chat with Cypriot President Makarios, he announced bluntly: "I am the boss in Greece."

Pronouncements on Prisoners

Most of the headlines from Greece last week concerned political prisoners.

One was Mikis Theodorakis, 42, the composer best known for his scores for *Zorba the Greek* and *Phaedra*. An avowed Communist and leader of the Red-fronting Lambakis youth movement, Theodorakis eluded the dragnet that rounded up 6,500 Communists in the early hours of the April 21 coup. The sound of his music bugged the junta, and after Theodorakis was finally nabbed last month, Athens buzzed with reports that the police had tortured or even killed him. Last week the junta put their prisoner on display for foreign newsmen. "I have to tell you two things," said Theodorakis, who was dressed in sport shirt and slacks, not a prisoner's uniform. "I have not been mistreated, and the police behavior toward me has been very good."

The other prisoner who made news was Andreas Papandreou, leftist son of former Premier George Papandreou. The real target of the initial roundup, he is charged with conspiracy to commit treason. A pair of self-proclaimed "secret witnesses" in the Andreas case have now surfaced in the U.S., courtesy of *Ramparts* magazine, which, after the usual spate of advance publicity, published their story that agents of the KGB (the Greek CIA) coerced them into giving false testimony against Andreas. The two men, part-time Publisher Kyriakos Diakogiannis and Lawyer Andreas Vachliotis, had offered the story to other U.S. newsmen in Athens in return for air fare to a haven outside Greece. But until they got to *Ramparts*, they were unable to convince anyone of the truth of their tale.

SWEDEN

Switch to the Right

Everyone in Stockholm seemed to have set his alarm clock to sound off before dawn. By 4 a.m., cars, motor scooters and flower-decked taxis that had been hired months before streamed downtown to the Kungsatan, the city's main street. There they waited through a solemn radio countdown. At the stroke of five, loudspeakers blared: "Now is the time to change over." In a brief but monumental traffic jam, Sweden switched to the right side of the road.

The big change was a long time coming. For decades, while the rest of Europe standardized driving on the right, Sweden, like Britain, Ireland and Iceland, clung stubbornly to the left—an arbitrary attitude that dated back to an 18th century royal decree for mail coaches. But despite tradition, Swedes could hardly help noticing that neither their own motoring reflexes nor those of visitors from right-hand countries changed at the border. Foreigners kept getting into dangerous difficulties on Swedish roads, and the travel-prone Swedes were getting into too many needless accidents abroad. Besides, driving Swedish cars in Sweden was a problem in itself. Because the first cars in Sweden were left-hand-drive imports, Swedish automakers also put left-hand steering in all their cars. Pulling out from a left lane to pass another car was something of a perilous adventure.

Run on Shorts. Once Parliament decided to switch, Swedish bureaucracies mobilized with terrifying efficiency. Psychologists made studies of drivers and



DOWNTOWN STOCKHOLM AT 5 A.M. H-HOUR
Mobilized with terrifying efficiency.

pedestrians; traffic engineers surveyed Sweden's 70,000 miles of roadway from Malmö to remotest Lapland. Thousands of new signs and traffic lights were ordered and every home, hospital and prison received manuals detailing the 107 basic European road symbols that would replace the helterskelter Swedish markers. To make sure foreign workers and visitors got the message, the Commission on Right-Hand Traffic printed pamphlets in nine languages from Portuguese to Serbo-Croatian.

In the final, frenetic days before H-day (after *höger*, the Swedish word for right), the new system was explained in the press, demonstrated on film, discussed on radio and TV, and extolled by singing commercials. Stockholm's N. K. department store reported a run of men's shorts emblazoned with a big H, and milk containers sprouted slo-

The problem was Orton's sudden success as a playwright. His first effort, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, was a homosexual, black comedy (boy meets girl, boy bludgeons girl's father, boy runs off with girl's brother) which London critics voted the best play of 1964. Orton's next plays, *Loot* and *Crimes of Passion*, were just as black and just about as successful. Instead of spending his days with Halliwell, Orton became caught up in a social whirl of producers, directors and stars. Halliwell was shattered. He tried to become a painter, but got nowhere. He chain-smoked hashish, then tried eating hashish hash. Nothing helped.

Last month Orton made a five-day trip to Leicester to see his father, a gardener. Unlike the old days, he left his behind. When he returned to London, Halliwell was waiting. Accord-

LATIN AMERICA

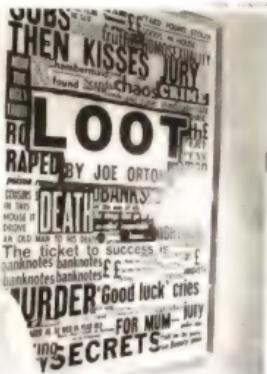
A Long Way to Go

It was only last April that Latin American heads of state met in the gambling casino at Punta del Este, Uruguay, and agreed to get a Common Market in operation by 1970. By last week, that heady promise seemed to be considerably behind schedule. Assembled at Asuncion, Paraguay, to work out a preliminary plan for cooperation, the foreign ministers of the Latin American Free Trade Association (LAFTA) agreed on little but the magnitude of their differences.

The meeting got off to a fast start as the ministers churned out a steady stream of "agreements in principle" on the pace and percentages of the first tariff cuts. They even went along with Uruguay's plea that "an acute economic and financial crisis" entitles it to be classed among the "less developed" countries for the next five years, despite the fact that its people normally enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the LAFTA region. But such happy harmony was soon shattered when the three other "less developed" nations—Paraguay, Bolivia and Ecuador—demanded that their goods be allowed to move into the more industrialized countries duty-free, even before the first tariff cuts are scheduled to begin in about three years. Otherwise, they argued, their young industries will never be able to build enough muscle to be competitive within LAFTA. Although the stronger nations agreed on the need to make some concessions to the weaker ones, such extreme measures, they said, were out of the question. Peru vetoed the proposal. In turn, Paraguay, Bolivia and Ecuador were so piqued that they vetoed most of the earlier "agreements in principle."

Gloom, Not Doom. "We are still thinking in terms of our individual nations and not of the common benefits," complained a Venezuelan official after the conference finally broke up. Chile's Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdés Suárez decaen decried the "exaggerated, abusive" use of the veto, and Ecuador's delegate to Asuncion, Julio Prado Vallejo, said flatly that the conference demonstrated "the unacceptability of new compromises."

Despite that gloomy assessment, none of the foreign ministers thinks that the Asuncion Conference has doomed the grand vision of a free market stretching from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. Indeed, one of the conference's achievements was the approval of a regional subgrouping within LAFTA that will soon open up a free-trade zone embracing 50 million people. The so-called "Andino group" of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru and Chile will begin planning its tariff cuts next month. As for LAFTA, its diplomats will resume talks in November. If nothing else, they discovered at Asuncion just how much work there is to be done.



ORTON WITH OFFICE POSTER

Into the box which caused the mirth.

gains such as "Smile a little in the right-hand traffic. We are all beginners."

For all the predictions of mayhem on the highway on H-day, the elaborate preparations were well worth the \$120 million that they cost motorists in special taxes. Aside from a few bent fenders and dented egos, the change was, in fact, so bloodless that two days passed before Sweden reported a single traffic fatality.

BRITAIN

Death of a Playwright

Joe Orton and Kenneth Halliwell were the very best of friends. They met at a London drama school, and for ten years they lived together, visited friends together, took their vacations together. In 1962, they were even arrested together—for putting obscene pictures in library books. They shared everything they had, and they made out their wills to each other. Then they died together, and a coroner's jury last week determined why: their friendship had ended.



HALLIWELL

ing to the coroner's jury report, Halliwell waited until Orton was asleep, then clubbed him on the head at least nine times with a hammer. After that, Halliwell swallowed "an enormous overdose" of barbiturates and curled up nude close to his lost friend's body. It was, ruled the jury, a "deliberate form of frenzy." So, in a way, was Orton's funeral (Halliwell was buried separately). Instead of organ requiems, the service was accompanied by a recording of Orton's favorite song, the Beatles' *A Day in the Life*. Playwright Harold Pinter read a few lines of poetry and Actor Donald Pleasence delivered an ode he composed himself—a reminder that his plays Joe Orton had treated death as a grisly gag:

*Some met together when he died,
Not in the name of any God,
But in his name
Whom they lost to the coffin,
The box which caused his endless
mirth,
His lesson, which he could not read
again,
Hilarity in death.*

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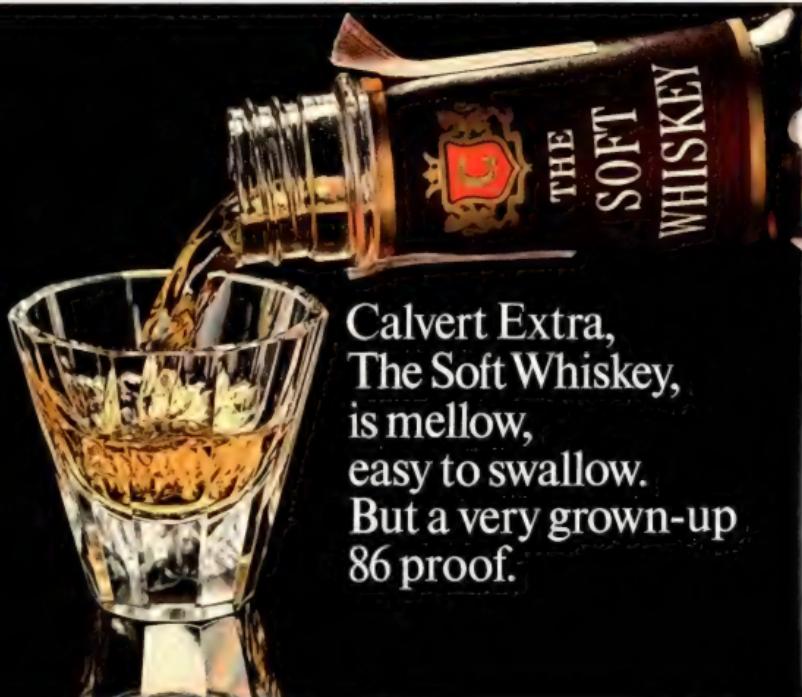
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PEOPLE

COUSY COZY WITH COZY? headlined the impish New York Daily News, and the thought alone was enough to appall the millions who have admired **Bob Cousy**, 39, onetime basketball superstar with the Boston Celtics and now coach at Boston College. The question arose from an article in LIFE tying Cousy to a Springfield, Mass., saloon owner and syndicate gambler named Andrew Pradella. In an emotional, 70-minute press conference, Cousy choked and sobbed as he admitted that he had known Pradella well for 13 years, had played golf with him and seen him socially. He had learned for the first time of Pradella's connections in 1962, said Bob, "but what do you do when someone comes up and tells you a good friend is a gambler? I suppose I'm guilty of an indiscretion, but that's all I'm guilty of."

He'd like to put Red China in the U.N., settle the Viet Nam issue in the Security Council, and "cut out social security to people like me and give it to the people who need it." Sounds kinda pinko, eh? It was **Aff Landon** speaking, the unreconstructed prairie Bull Moose who went on to become Governor of Kansas and Republican candidate for President in 1936. Laughing fit to bust bitches, Landon tossed out a bagful of prickly pears as he celebrated his 80th birthday in Topeka, including a couple for today's Republicans: "They've got to quit kicking labor in the pants; they've got to quit kicking farmers in the pants." As for the notion that he had somehow turned leftist, Landon snorted: "What was the old Bull Moose keynote? 'Pass prosperity around.' What's the difference between that and the welfare state?"

Even if it is for the purpose of attending his first one-man art show, the trip from his home in Pacific Palisades, Calif., to Paris is a long one for a man of 75 to make alone. So Jovian Pornog-

rapher **Henry Miller** (*Tropic of Capricorn*) will take along a traveling companion—Jazz Singer **Hoki Tokuda**, 29, who met him at the pingpong table 18 months ago, and will become the fifth Mrs. Miller in time for the journey. Though he is sanguine enough about the marriage, Henry has the yips about his untutored abstract watercolors, which have taken up so much of his time in the past three years that he has stopped writing. "Wait till the French critics tear them apart," Miller moans. "They'll only forgive me because they love me as a writer."

The letter from Author **Graham Greene**, 62, to the London Times began movingly, with an appeal to the Russian Union of Writers to turn over his blocked royalties to the wives of Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky, the two writers sentenced in February to five and seven years at hard labor for "maligning" Mother Russia in their work. Then, in dazzling transition, Greene added that his letter "must in no way be regarded as an attack" on the Soviet Union, went on to proclaim that he would rather live in Russia than in the U.S., in Cuba than in Bolivia, and in North Viet Nam than in South. Most of Britain's press responded with angry bewilderment. "Does Greene really believe that he would be allowed to publish what he wanted in Russia, Cuba or North Viet Nam?" wondered the Daily Mail. "His career and fortune are dependent on exactly that personal freedom which is unknown in Moscow, Havana and Hanoi, and for the minute exercise of which Sinyavsky and Daniel were jailed."

Midst marital ruins stood: **A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford**, 56, whose third wife Diane, 25, has recently been seeing the sights with Singer **Bob Dylan** and now wants a permanent split plus \$4,000 weekly alimony; **Bimini Beachboy Adam Clayton Powell**, 58, whose estranged wife **Yvette**, 35, has wearied of waiting for him to return to her in Puerto Rico, has finally filed suit for divorce and separate maintenance of \$1,500 a month; **Palm Beach Socialite Nancy Wiman** ("Trink") **Carter Wakeman**, 47, an heiress to the John Deere tractor fortune, who wound up a row with her playboy second husband **William Wakeman**, 44, by pointing a .22 pistol at him, firing one shot into his back when he sneered that she hadn't the nerve to shoot, now stands accused of "aggravated assault" while her husband lies in Good Samaritan Hospital permanently paralyzed from the waist down.

A black Rolls-Royce eased to a halt outside the California State Capitol in Sacramento, and out stepped the legislature's guest of honor—dressed in a tattered coat, baggy pants with wide sus-



REAGAN & KELLY
Don't make him laugh.

penders, and a long, lachrymose mouth curved like an inverted half-moon. The legislature was honoring him with a special resolution offering "warm gratitude for the pleasure he has brought to the world." Replied Clown **Emmett Kelly**, 68: "I wish I could hug and kiss every woman here and shake hands with every man." Later, Kelly met his match in another seasoned performer, Governor **Ronald Reagan**, and, after an exchange of show-bizzy sallies, begged off: "Don't make me laugh, Governor. I can't be seen smiling."

Ill lay: **Pope Paul VI**, 69, with a cold, intestinal cramps, nausea and intermittent fever that brought him back from his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo and caused him to cancel all appointments; **Nellie Connally**, 47, wife of Texas' Democratic Governor, recuperating in Houston's M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute after removal of a benign, olive-size growth on her jaw; General **Earle G. Wheeler**, 59, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recovering at Walter Reed Hospital from a "minor" heart attack that was disclosed by the Pentagon after two days of denials that he suffered from anything other than fatigue.

A Neapolitan city girl like **Sophia Loren**, 32, understandably gets the wilies around wild animals—and this little gathering included a bear, lion, tiger, leopard, ocelot, and a great dark brute dancing a tango. That would be **Marcello Mastroianni**, 42, Sophia's co-star (with Peter Sellers and Jonathan Winters) in Sophia's first musical, an ABC special called *With Love . . . From Sophia*, which will be shown on TV next month. No hooyer, Sophia rehearsed for weeks before taking on Marcello, who danced in a 1966 Italian stage musical. "I'm not Margot," she conceded after taping the elaborate number, "but then Marcello's not Nureyev. So it's great fun."



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MODERN LIVING

YOUTH

THE RUNAWAYS

Time was when parents took it almost for granted that any red-blooded boy would sooner or later run away from home on a summertime Tom Sawyer adventure. It was part of growing up, a way to gain experience and nothing to be alarmed about. Sometimes the boy would be gone for a week or so, but generally his plans to join the circus ended about nightfall, when his empty stomach and the animal sounds near his woody hideout quickly convinced him that daddy's razorstrap was not so bad after all.

The phenomenon is still seasonal—thousands of teen-agers who ran away in June for a summer-long taste of the hippie life were wending their way back home last week for the beginning of school. But for an increasing number of tormented teen-agers, running away is not a lark but a desperately serious act for which returning home is an all but unthinkable conclusion.

School & the Draft. Runaways are a grave problem in every major city, and the problem is growing, partly due to the sharp rise of the teen-age population. Chicago police handled 7,904 runaways last year, up 50% from five years ago; and so far this year the rate has been running 10% higher than 1966. More than 2,000 juveniles were reported missing from the San Francisco Bay Area last year, and 3,000 ran away from their homes in affluent Houston. Overall, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Uniform Crime Reports, U.S. law-enforcement officers arrested 90,246 juvenile runaways last year—almost half of them

girls—an increase of almost 10% from the previous year.

What makes them run? "Something inside that was always denied," sigh the Beatles in *She's Leaving Home*, one of the most popular cuts from their latest *Sgt. Pepper* album. "They're running away from a system and not just maladjusted homes," insists Dick Chandler, 37, whose first play, *The Freaking Out of Stephanie Blake*, is about a teen-age runaway, and is scheduled to open on Broadway next month starring Jean Arthur as a sympathetic aunt. "Some of them come from very good homes and are given everything," says Chandler, "but it's what the parents stand for, the whole system—the competition, the lack of human values, of humanity in their life." For older teen-age boys, running away is often an escape from the pressures of school and the threat of the draft.

"If you have 20 different runaways, you will have 20 different reasons," says an Atlanta Juvenile Court officer, Kim, 13, ran away to Boston from her Los Angeles home because she could not get along with her new stepfather. "My parents didn't understand me or something," mumbles Paul, 15, who first left his Virginia home two years ago, and prowls the streets of Manhattan's East Village every day looking for the next place to stay.

No Hang-Ups. Dutch is 14, wears braces on his teeth and still speaks in a boyish treble, but all it took to send him scampering from Columbus to Chicago's bohemian Old Town district was the prospect of military school. Joe, 17, blames his run from Tampa, Fla., to Atlanta on parental neglect. "I'm the happiest I've ever been in my life," says

Joe, the youngest member of Atlanta's small hippie colony. "This is more like a family than you could find, really, because there are no hang-ups."

Though not all teen-agers run away with the intention of joining the hippies, that is often where they wind up. "It's simply because the hippies will take them in when nobody else will," says Rabbi Samuel Schrage of the New York City Youth Board.

For teen-agers who do run away to the hippies, it is increasingly becoming a bad trip that is not only degrading but also dangerous. After the money runs out, they often turn to begging in order to eat. "There is a lot of panhandling. They are like parasites," says Allan Katzman, 30, editor of Manhattan's underground hippie newspaper, *The East Village Other*. To a juvenile who is already disturbed, the easy combination of drugs and sex is hardly good medicine; one 13-year-old runaway who began "dropping acid" nine months ago has tried to kill herself three times since.

Summer in the Park. For a place to stay, some runaways roam the streets looking for vacant houses to break into. "Most of them just sleep in the park; after a few nights of that you will go home with anyone—you don't even look," says Manhattan Hippie Jim Fourat. "They are exploited by all kinds of people," says Fourat, "and what's going to happen when winter comes and they can't sleep in the park?" Not that sleeping in the park is any too healthy in summer: last week a 15-year-old runaway from upstate New York was raped by two young Negroes and her 17-year-old "flower husband" (known to her only as "the Poet") was beaten unconscious in Central Park where they were sleeping.

Scarcely more salubrious are the "crash pads"—communal sleeping quarters rented by older hippies, who run them as free hotels. They are largely responsible for an alarming increase in venereal disease—up 1,000% in West Hollywood in the past five years. As an alternative to the crash pads, San Francisco's church-financed Huckleberry's for Runaways provides "fugitives" with food and shelter while setting up channels through which they can re-establish relationships with their parents. Operating out of a Victorian house at 1 Broderick Street in the Haight-Ashbury district, Huckleberry's has handled 190 runaways since it was set up two months ago. Most of them, after counseling by four staff psychologists and 13 other volunteers, have gone home.

The Bulletin Board. In tracing their children, parents usually begin by contacting the Missing Persons Bureau and metropolitan newspapers, which, in recent months, have been running increasing numbers of pictures of runaways. More likely sources exist within the hippie communities themselves. In San Francisco, for example, the hippie-run, Haight-Ashbury Switchboard (387-



COUNSELING AT HUCKLEBERRY'S
A trip not only degrading but dangerous.

BULLETIN BOARD IN MANHATTAN'S EAST VILLAGE

TIME, SEPTEMBER 15, 1967

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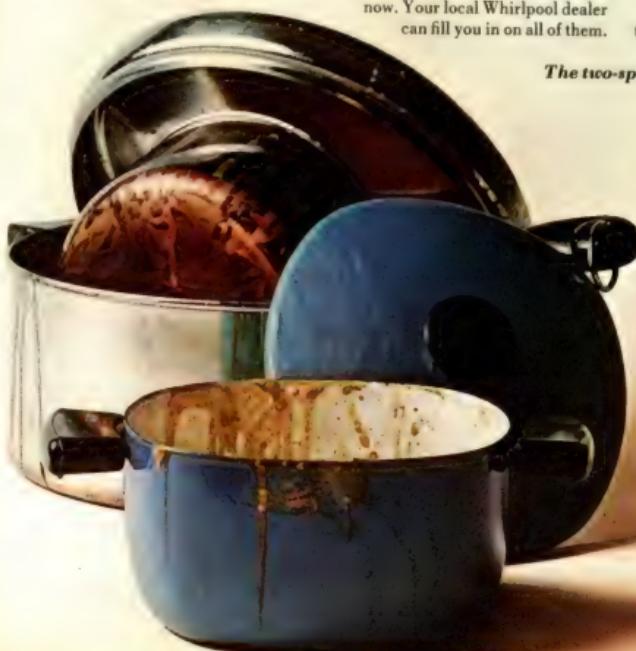


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CAMOUFLAGED RIGS (BACKGROUND) OFF LONG BEACH

Riches without the eye sores.

3575) not only helps hippies with information and advice about food, lodging and the draft, but also passes dozens of messages from distraught parents along the grapevine every day. Poignant parental pleas appear in the classified ads of underground newspapers, and major hippie hangouts sport bulletin boards crammed with personal messages.

As a last resort, some desperate parents invade hippie country in personal searches for their wayward kids. One New Yorker finally located his 20-year-old son after days of scouring the Hashbury on foot. "Barry came down looking stunned," the father recalls. "It was touching and painful, harder for him, I guess, than for me. It took him ten or 15 minutes just to get back into his face." The reunion lasted only long enough for a short trip to Big Sur. Then Barry went back to Hashbury.

THE CITY

Decorating the Derricks

A visitor returning to the handsome waterfront of Long Beach, Calif., after two years' absence is in for a surprise. In 1965, an empty expanse of Pacific Ocean reached away from the city's beaches, homes, hotels and marinas. Today, a chain of islands, complete with waving palm trees and towering high-rise buildings, is the view from the shore.

No sudden upheaval from the ocean floor, the islands are Long Beach's happy solution to a problem that has been nagging the city since 1961. That is, how to preserve the innocent charm of the beach front and at the same time exploit what lies immediately below the city and its bay: an estimated billion barrels of crude oil.

Several oil companies were eager to set up their equipment on drilling platforms offshore and start hammering away. The city said no—until someone came up with a bright new way to do the drilling behind a screen of camouflage that would make a Hollywood set designer envious.

Balconies Too. The idea was to make the whole thing look like a South Sea archipelago. In February 1965, a consortium of oil companies (Texaco, Humble, Union, Mobil and Shell) went to work hauling in rock and sand fill to build four ten-acre islands. Palm trees as tall as 60 feet were transplanted from Santa Barbara and San Diego, and architects were put to work sketching terra-cotta and steel shells for the oil rigs, designed to look like handsome balconied apartment buildings and soundproofed to keep the drilling noise from echoing across the bay.

Oil is now being pumped from the islands at the rate of 56,000 barrels a day, and production is expected to reach 200,000 barrels a day by 1970. As each well is brought in, the oil rig, along with its high-rise cover, is moved along a rail to the next spot for drilling. Underground pumps send the oil through submarine pipelines to refineries on shores.

Sharing the Loot. Some residents of Long Beach find the islands so effective that they would like to see them made a permanent addition to the harbor. At night, the "apartment buildings" are illuminated, providing an appealing vista along the coast. Eventually, each island will be decorated with shrubbery, artificial 30-foot waterfalls and clusters of large abstract sculptures.

Over the next 35 years, the city will receive \$250 million from the oil companies and 10,000 property owners will share an additional \$136 million. The biggest beneficiary by far will be the state of California, which will get about \$1,250,000,000 out of the deal. For Long Beach, the new riches will help finance many of the improvements in the minds of the city's imaginative leaders, who already have bought the *Queen Mary* for \$3,450,000 for use as a waterfront museum and hotel, and have contracted to build a 3,500-seat A.A.U. pool where the U.S. Olympic trials will be held next year. It is all in line with Long Beach's proud boast of being the "Riviera of the West."

TRANSPORTATION

Whoosh, Zoom, Splash

The various vehicles in James Bond's limitless arsenal of gadgets may seem like far-out props to many moviegoers. But not to those who have been paying close attention to what manufacturers and inventors have been up to lately. Items:

- **MINI MOTORBIKES.** Lightweight (60 to 90 lbs.) vehicles that fold up to suitcase size in a matter of seconds, the little two-wheelers can be stuffed into the trunk of a car, stashed behind the back seat of a private plane or carried in the stern of a launch. Some half a dozen models are already on the market. Typical is the Avanti Sport, made by Italy's Bianchi Velo Co. and now available in most big cities. It is powered by a 1.5-h.p. engine capable of 30 m.p.h. and 125 miles per gal., costs about \$250. The Avanti and other mini motorbikes appeal particularly to campers (Soprano Patrice Munsel owns two) and boatmen who need portable local transportation.
- **THE AIR CAT.** A two-seat, fiber-glass hovercraft, it skims along on its own cushion of air with the aid of a 30-h.p. engine that can make 31 m.p.h. over a cruising range of 50 miles on 2.5 gals. of gas. Developed by Cushionflight Corp. of San Bernardino, Calif., for sports use on lakes, rivers and marshes and over snow and ice, the Air Cat will go on the market this fall at a price of about \$1,900.

- **THE ONE-MAN HYDROFOIL.** Invented by Italian Designer Renato Castellani, who plans to sell it in kits for \$650, the one-man hydrofoil is an 11 ft. 6 in. streak of foam-filled fiber glass powered by an 18-h.p. outboard motor that flies over the water at 35 m.p.h.



MUNSEL AND MINI MOTORBIKE
On the Bond wagon.

EDUCATION

TEACHERS

Test of Strength

The U.S. public schoolteacher is fed up with his longtime pose as a professional too polite to hit the streets in a fight for a reasonable wage. This year he is proving as tough in the pursuit of a buck as the school electrician and plumber, who have long outpaced him in pay. The U.S. taxpayer is sick of soaring school costs. The conflict between these viewpoints has created one of the most strife-ridden school openings in years. This week nearly 2,000,000 schoolchildren from Baltimore to East St. Louis, Ill., face the possibility of extended summer vacations because of teacher contract disputes.

Nearly a fourth of all children in the schools of Michigan discovered last week that no hell tolled for them because teachers in 35 districts refused to work without a contract. Aware that a state law bans teacher strikes, both the Michigan Education Association, an affiliate of the N.E.A., and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Michigan Federation of Teachers insist that their members were simply "withholding services."

The worst of these nonstrikes closed all classes in the 300,000-student Detroit system. There, Mrs. Mary Ellen Riordan, an old-style, fiery unionist who is president of the Detroit Federation of Teachers, led her 6,400 members in a fight for a \$1,200 pay hike and a two-week cut in the 40-week school year. The city, which pays teachers from \$5,800 to \$10,000, offered \$600 and a one-week school-year reduction. Governor George Romney ruled out any increase in state funds to boost salaries and insisted it was "intolerable that the education of children should be used as a pawn in negotiations."

Mass Resignations. A similar impasse in New York City may well trigger some 40,000 teacher resignations, mostly by members of the militant United Federation of Teachers, thereby delaying the scheduled opening of school this week for more than a million children. U.F.T. President Albert Shanker, a former junior-high math teacher, argued that there is nothing to prevent a teacher from quitting his job, although under a state law the union can be fined up to \$10,000 a day for striking. Union leaders rejected a two-year, \$125 million package of benefits proposed by Mayor John Lindsay's mediation panel, which would have raised starting salaries from \$5,400 to \$6,200 this year and top salaries (reached in 14 years) from \$9,950 to \$10,350. The union also demands for teachers the right to remove unruly kids from class and continuation of a program of extra services in ghetto schools.

N.E.A. Sanctions. Most of Florida's 58,000 teachers have been locked in an angry summer-long dispute with Gov-



STRIKE RALLY IN FLORIDA'S TANGERINE BOWL

To catch up with the plumbers.

ernor Claude Kirk over state support of the public schools. Contending that teachers' pay in Florida is substandard and the state's contribution too low, the N.E.A. has warned its members across the U.S. not to seek teaching jobs there. N.E.A. "sanctions," which have been applied against only two other states (Oklahoma and Utah) in the organization's history, led Kirk to claim that the action was an "irresponsible" attack upon the state. He termed the N.E.A.'s state affiliate the "Anti-Florida Education Association." Pledged to permit no tax increase this year, Kirk has vetoed two bills to raise teacher salaries. Last month more than 30,000 teachers met in Orlando's Tangerine Bowl to dramatize their protest, were asked to submit resignations for use if the impasse continued. More than 2,300 teachers in the Fort Lauderdale area turned in their quitting notices last week, delaying school opening for 90,000 pupils at least until the end of the month.

STUDENTS

Curriculum Power

The militant demand for "student power" now being heard on U.S. college campuses sounds like a defiant challenge of academic authority. Yet at least one aspect of the undergraduate rebellion—student demands for new and more relevant course offerings—is generally embraced and welcomed by faculty and administrators. Not only do students now sit on many curriculum committees, but their interests are being reflected in countless new courses that carry regular academic credit.

Many of those courses deal with current social problems, often combining field experience with scholarly theory. Among 15 student-initiated areas of

study offered last year at the Berkeley campus of the University of California was a course on poverty, in which students lived in an Oakland ghetto, and a class on the political and intellectual relationship between universities and the state, a topic that understandably arouses strong emotions at Cal.

Protest & Pollution. Similar student interest in current mass movements led Vassar to create a course on "collective behavior," which explores crowd psychology and protest drives. Pondering the polluted Hudson River flowing near their Poughkeepsie campus, Vassar girls also sought courses in environmental studies; the first one applies ten disciplines to a case study of the river as an example of man's relationship to his environment. Pomona College students secured an interdisciplinary seminar on "the urban quandary," while University of Pennsylvania student interest generated a series of sociology seminars on such topics as an "analysis of the Berkeley riots."

Paralleling the student interest in current problems is a new yearning for value-defining courses that help put life in broad perspective. This often takes the form of a demand for religious studies. At student request, Rutgers will offer a religion major for the first time this year, while at the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee campus a student-organized poll led to regent approval of a new Department of Religious Studies. A similar desire for scanning a broader scene led engineering students at Claremont's Harvey Mudd College to secure a humanities course on "man, science and society."

Many colleges are receptive even to the specialized interests of a relatively small number of students. Thus Wesleyan's psychology department bowed



The second beautiful thing about a Jaguar XKE is the price.

The Jaguar XKE costs less than most people give it credit for. Even leading car enthusiasts rank it second automobile costing \$10,140. The XKE sells for \$9,384.

It looks practically new for the cost. Yet Jaguar engineers have devoted special attention to touches of mintness.

At 60 mph, the XKE's 2 1/2-liter engine is just getting its momentum up. In fact, it's not even going at half speed. That helps engineers like Alan help explain why an XKE can cover more than 20 miles on a gallon of gas.

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The XKE's arrangement is easy and approachable. All leather is prime here. Its bucket seats were designed orthopedically. The point is hand-crafted between coats. Even the engine's valve throats are polished smooth.

The XKE comes in 3 models: leather-clad-leather-coat to convert, roadster, coupe, and 2+2 family coupe, the latter with optional automatic transmission.

By now you're probably asking yourself: if the XKE is worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars, why doesn't Jaguar sell it for less?

Simple. If they did, you might not buy it.

to undergraduate requests for a course on "witchcraft and the occult." Among some 15 student-requested courses created at Stanford were seminars on "Ideology and Utopia" and "Anarchism and Fascism." The City College of New York is offering two courses on music of the Orient taught by Indian Sitarist Ravi Shankar, and, for the first time, an interdepartmental major in oceanography. The Political Science Club at Northwestern secured academic credit for students to work in Springfield as aides to Illinois legislators.

Arabic & Hebrew. At the universities of Washington and Illinois, small groups of students successfully lobbied for new courses in Arabic—although there seems to be a greater interest in Hebrew. Students got Hebrew courses at Washington and Minnesota, while Wesleyan students secured a course on Jewish intellectual history. Stanford agreed to a request for a course on modern China. Washington to a new emphasis on Mexico in anthropology. Wesleyan to teaching Japanese.

Although some veteran professors question the viability of many student-proposed courses, most academic leaders welcome the proposals as evidence of a healthy undergraduate interest in the quality of education. Says Neil Warren, dean of the College of Letters, Arts and Sciences at the University of Southern California: "Students pay money to go here, and if they feel they're not getting something, they should have, we're ready to listen."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A Question of Conduct

It was a bright, ordinary high school auditorium, scene of a thousand earnest morning assemblies, commencements and Christmas pageants. Last week, instead of the familiar back-to-school routine, it featured a hearing—very nearly a trial—of considerable drama. Before a crowd of parents, teach-

ers and reporters, a pretty, dark-eyed girl with long blonde hair testified that one of her teachers had molested her. Most schools sooner or later experience similar episodes, and the whole affair seemed to evoke some half-remembered "children's hours" from the movies. What made this case look different was the fact that the accused happened to be a Negro.

Actually, race seems not to be a major issue. Maurice C. McNeill, 36, a native of North Carolina, started teaching biology six years ago at the senior high school in Baldwin (pop. 35,000), a Long Island suburb, 35 minutes from New York. One of his pupils was Susan Schaffner, 16, who had racked up a succession of A's and B's until McNeill gave her a C- in sophomore biology. To upgrade the mediocre mark in hopes of improving her chances to enter a good college, Susan this summer took a repeat course in biology. While working 45 minutes in his office, she charged, McNeill repeatedly kissed and funded her.

Protecting Girls. Married and the father of two, McNeill was suspended by the Baldwin school board for "immoral conduct." The board then called for a hearing, which McNeill insisted be public—and all of Baldwin, so it seemed last week, came to listen.

In her testimony, Susan claimed that McNeill had harassed her five times during the 45-minute session. At one point, she said, "Mr. McNeill placed his hands on my breasts and squeezed them!" Later, one of Susan's close friends and classmates, Stephanie Smith, testified to a similar incident. Assigned to tutor her at home after she had broken a hip in an auto accident, McNeill "put his hands on my breast and said, 'Where did you get these secondary sex characteristics?'" Backing up her daughter's testimony, Mrs. George Schaffner, whose husband is an accountant, explained that "we would never have subjected Susan to this terrible ordeal un-

less we believed in her and the truth of her charges—we took this action to protect other girls in our community." Similarly, Mrs. Henry G. Smith said that she first "feared getting Mr. McNeill in trouble," but then decided that "neither Stephanie nor I wanted him around any more."

McNeill's attorneys, paid for in part by a faculty-sponsored defense fund, managed to cast considerable doubt on the girls' testimony. Witnesses claimed that Susan had such a hatred for McNeill after she pounded her desk, cried "I hate you!" later called him "a son of a bitch" and talked about "dirty black niggers." His lawyers raised the question of why she had kept still for 45 minutes without trying to protest—although a class was in session in an adjoining room, the doors were unlocked, and the interior of McNeill's office was visible through three door windows. The lawyers also wanted to know why Stephanie Smith had waited from June 13, when she claims to have been abused, until Aug. 2 to report the offense.

"Wonderful Man." Colleagues testified that McNeill is a highly animated teacher who often pokes or prods students in sheer enthusiasm, but they almost unanimously refused to believe the girls' charges. In fact, if there was prejudice, it was largely working in McNeill's favor. Baldwin has almost no Negroes, but the town, with surprising unanimity, came to McNeill's defense. Spectators scoffed at evidence supporting the charge, cheered defense witnesses, harassed the school board, whose president, Henry R. Bang, had difficulty maintaining order. The parents of the two girls were shunned by neighbors, while both students and faculty took the stand to praise McNeill as a "wonderful man and teacher." McNeill himself took a lie-detector test, his lawyers claimed, that supported his denial of the girls' accusations.



STEPHANIE (BEHIND LAWYER BRIAN FISKE), SUSAN, MR. & MRS. SCHAFFNER

Rallying to the defense with a surprising unanimity.



TEACHER MCNEILL & WELL-WISHERS AT HEARING



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SPORT

BASEBALL

Four for One

The Sept. 7, 1967, American League standings may some day rate a niche of their own in baseball's Hall of Fame.

Standing of the Clubs

	W	L	Pct.	G.
Chicago	78	61	.561	—
Minnesota	79	60	.561	—
Boston	79	60	.560	—
Detroit	79	62	.560	—
California	72	67	.518	6
Washington	68	74	.471	12½
Cleveland	65	76	.461	14
Baltimore	62	75	.453	15
New York	62	78	.443	16½
Kansas City	57	82	.410	21

After five months and 698 games of baseball, four teams were virtually deadlocked for the league lead, separated by a single percentage point. Nothing like that had ever happened before. Just suppose, somebody asked League President Joe Cronin, that all four should still be tied at season's end. Sighed Cronin: "I guess we just keep playing right on through the winter."

They may have to, because none of the four teams seems capable of launching a winning streak that would allow it to pull away in the final three weeks. The Chicago White Sox have solid pitching, but they also have a team batting average of .229. The Boston Red Sox can hit, but their pitching is so shaky that Manager Dick Williams is talking about using his lone ace, Right-hander Jim Lomberg (record: 19-7), every two days. The Minnesota Twins and the Detroit Tigers need heavy slugging from their superstars, Harmon Killebrew and Al Kaline. Yet as of last week, Minnesota's Killebrew had clouted only three home runs in his last 68 times at bat, and Detroit's Kaline had collected only four base hits in his last 24 trips to the plate.

The hookies' favorite (odds: 7-5) is Boston, because the Red Sox play most of their remaining games in Fenway Park—and all of them against second-division teams, except for a two-game series with Minnesota. The Twins (odds: 8-5) still have three games left with the Chicago White Sox (2-1), who in turn must play two against the Detroit Tigers (2-1). Whichever team wins is practically certain to be a solid underdog in next month's World Series against the St. Louis Cardinals.

TENNIS

Anyone for Sense?

Somewhere in this vast, great nation, there undoubtedly is a strong, agile, fiercely competitive youngster who could be the best tennis player the world has ever seen. This youngster himself may never know it. Or even care. Little that surrounds the game of tennis today is likely to appeal to him

much. For a starter, there is the scoring system, in which 1) "zero" for some reason is "love," 2) one point counts as ten, or 15, or merely "advantage," and 3) a "set" may be six games or go on forever. And then there is the hypocrisy of a sport in which amateurs refuse to turn pro, because that could mean taking a cut in salary.

One day, the game's archaic scoring system may be replaced with something akin to James Van Alen's VANS (for Van Alen Simplified Scoring System), in which zero is zero, a point is a point, one game of 31 points decides a match, and both spectators and players are spared such dreary marathons as one of the doubles contests at last month's Newport Hall of Fame Invitational. The match lasted 6 hrs. 10 min., and the final score was 3-6, 49-47, 22-20. With that ever-present possibility, it is no wonder that the West Side Tennis Club's 14,000-seat stadium in Forest Hills, N.Y., was one-third empty throughout most of last week's U.S. National championships. The wonder is that it was two-thirds full.

Rackets & Relations. After all, the world's 15 top tennis players were not even competing in the Nationals. They are all professionals, and in tennis, unlike golf, pros are never permitted to compete against amateurs—on the theory, presumably, that such "amateurs" as Australia's Roy Emerson, who was upset by the U.S.'s Clark Graebner in last week's quarterfinals at Forest Hills, would silly themselves by associating with people who openly play for pay. Emerson himself commands \$10,000 a year as a "public relations consultant" for Philip Morris, another \$6,000 as a "racket consultant" for Slazenger's sporting-goods firm, plus an estimated \$11,000 in tax-free "expenses," paid by tournament promoters. That's \$27,000 a year—not bad for an amateur. Graebner, for instance, has to get by on \$9,000 a year this stipend as a member of the U.S. Davis Cup team. If it were not for the fact that his wife, Carole, also plays tournament tennis and collects her own expense checks, the Graebners would be hard-pressed to make ends meet.

Such shamateurism, says Robert J. Kelleher, president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, "is a negligible part of the game, affecting a very small minority of players. But it dirties everybody." Its byproducts are apathy and mediocrity. "The mediocre player has it made in the amateur system," explains Ecuador-born Pancho Segura, the longtime touring pro who now teaches at California's Beverly Hills Tennis Club. "He can live on charity until he's 35 or 36." It is not uncommon for amateurs to demand expense checks in advance from tournament promoters, then fail to appear at the tournaments. "If they were the Beatles, they would

have signed a contract, and you could sue them," sighs Britain's Cliff Smylie, chairman of the Welsh amateur championships. "But if a tennis player doesn't turn up—or turns up, takes his expenses and losses—you can't do a thing." One possible solution, suggested by California's Billie Jean King, the current Wimbledon champion and top-seeded female player at Forest Hills last week, would be a system of "incentive" bonuses. "Why can't we have bonuses for every win a player gets, and a cash prize for the winner?" asks Billie Jean. "That way you'd see everybody breaking their necks to win. Tennis would benefit."

Cracks in the Wall. Tennis would benefit even more from open competition between pros and amateurs. Today's apathetic amateur would have little choice but to knock around, polish his game and play for his life to have any hope of winning. Australia's Rod



BILLIE JEAN AT FOREST HILLS

Zero instead of love.

Laver, all-conquering as an amateur, knows how tough playing the pro can be; when he turned pro in 1963, he lost 19 of his first 21 matches. Forward-thinking officials in the U.S., Britain and Australia have been pressing for open tennis for more than a decade, but every attempt to gain approval from the International Lawn Tennis Federation has met with stubborn opposition from smaller nations and Russia—where shamateurism, not just in tennis but in all sports, is even more flagrant than in the U.S. At last July's I.L.T.F. meeting in Luxembourg, the vote against a motion that would have permitted member nations to experiment with open tennis was 129-83, and the motion cannot be brought up for reconsideration until 1969.

Still, there are hopeful signs. The

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U.S.L.T.A., insists Kelleher, is trying hard "to get rid of tennis' rich, country-club image." Such amateur shrines as Forest Hills and Newport are stops on the pro tour, and last month, for the first time in history, the hallowed turf of Wimbledon was trodden by pros competing in a three-day, \$35,000 tournament that was won by Australia's Laver and drew 30,000 fans. "The best thing that can happen to tennis is to break the old traditions," says Pancho Segura. The walls are not yet crumbling, but cracks are beginning to show.

AUTO RACING

Boy with a Silver Spanner

A lot of things run in families besides blond hair and bad teeth. A bent for politics, for instance, or an ear for music, or a genius for making money. Richard Petty, 30, of Level Cross, N.C., was born with a silver spanner wrench in his mouth.

Around the dirt and asphalt speedways of the South, auto-racing fans still talk about his father, Lee Petty, who in 13 years on the stock-car circuit won 54 Grand National races—a record that few experts ever expected to see beaten. Papa Petty is now 53; he walks with a permanent limp, the souvenir of a day at Daytona, Fla., when his car hurtled through a guardrail at 155 m.p.h., soared 150 ft. through the air, landed upside down in a parking lot. Lee retired from racing in 1962, but he is still a familiar figure around the track. Last May he was in Darlington, S.C., to watch Son Richard break his record by winning victory No. 55 of his career. And last week he was back in Darlington cheering from the pits as Richard won his 21st race of the year, the Southern 500, at a record speed of 130.4 m.p.h.

Call Me Richard. The "like father, like son" pattern goes only so far. Grizzled Lee Petty is a link to the old school of stock-car racers, the back-country leadfooters who learned their trade racing hot-rods around dusty country-fair horse tracks or outrunning renegades on the South's mountainous "white-lightning trails." Richard Petty, who has been racing for money ever since he turned 21, belongs to the new school—the cool, engineer-minded youngsters who talk endlessly about "axle ratios" and "foot-pounds of torque" and bristle at any mention of the sport's indecorous beginnings. "Why don't people just forget about all that?" complains Petty, who answers to no nicknames ("If my mother wanted me called Dick, she would have named me Dick"), neither smokes nor drinks, shuns sportswriters, photographers and autograph seekers, and insists: "It there is any glamour in this sport, I haven't found it."

The fans obviously disagree. Last year 1,500,000 of them turned out to watch 167 drivers compete for \$1,045,545 in prize money on the Grand National cir-



WINNER PETTY AT DARLINGTON

Lots of gas, but no white lightning.

cuit, and 65,000 were on hand for last week's Southern 500. The cars they saw whipping through Darlington's straightaways at speeds up to 155 m.p.h. were anything but stock. Hidden under the electric-blue hood of Petty's Plymouth Belvedere GT was a 426-cu.-in. "hemi-head" racing engine that generated 520 h.p. and burned gasoline at the rate of a gallon every three miles. The car's exhaust system, brakes, ignition and suspension had all been rebuilt at the Petty garage in Level Cross. The interior was stripped to make way for roll bars and a special, high-backed racing seat. Finally, the doors were bolted shut, so that Petty had to wriggle in and out through the glassless driver's window.

Zip It Up. To rival drivers, Petty is known as a "charger," who likes to blast ahead, full-bore, from the start of a race, hoping opponents will overtax their engines trying to catch him. He is also an innovator; he invented the dangerous art of "drafting"—keeping his car practically on top of an opponent's rear bumper, using the partial vacuum created by the other car as a tow, thus conserving his own engine and fuel. Unlike many drivers, who make a fetish of braking and shifting at precisely the same points each time around a track, Petty varies his routine: "I drive by feel," he says. "Sometimes I'll go into a corner a full car length farther than at other times before braking or shifting." Last week, on Darlington's narrow, 1.2-mile track, with its notoriously tight corners, Petty's feel turned a race into a rout. Gaining into the lead at the start, he stayed there for all but 19 of 364 laps, coasted to a five-lap victory that was worth \$26,900 and boosted his 1967 winnings to \$110,175—just \$3,395 short of Fred Lorenzen's all-time season record.

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With the visible belt machine, any errors or changes you make are clearly marked; your girl is alerted and listens for the correct version.

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She's in command.

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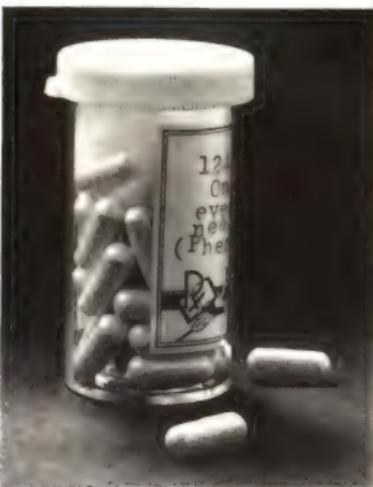
every command. She can adjust tone, stop, repeat and, in general, proceed at her own pace. And since some girls don't like to have the receiver in their ears, we've designed one that hangs over the ear.

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SCIENCE

FORESTRY

Fighting Future Fires

Flaring through parched timberland in the drought-stricken Pacific Northwest last week, the worst forest fires in more than half a century defied efforts to contain them. So far this year, some 1,800 fires have destroyed more than 105,000 acres of timber in Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Fire-fighting costs have climbed to \$17 million; damage to the economy of Oregon alone is estimated at \$5,000,000 a day. Because of the menace, most of the national forests in Montana, Oregon and Washington were closed to tourists and logging. President Johnson has declared Idaho a disaster area.

Ironically, there has been summer rainfall high over the Northwest. But the air temperature has been raised so much by an abnormally warm summer that the rain has evaporated before hitting earth. Lightning generated by these abortive rainstorms has continued to strike, setting fire to dried underbrush and causing an estimated 80% of the Northwest's fires.

Aerial Scanner. The U.S. Forest Service has mustered 11,000 men, nearly 100 planes and some 50 helicopters. But traditional techniques—dropping chemical fire retardants from planes, bulldozing swaths in front of fires, setting back fires, and simply shoveling dirt—have not been sufficient. It is becoming increasingly evident that if a blaze is not detected soon enough, is allowed to spread beyond a few hundred acres and is fanned by high winds,



INFRARED PHOTO OF FIRE IN IDAHO

Catch them quick, or lose control.

there is little that man can now do to control the flames.

Recognizing the difficulties of putting out huge fires, scientists at the U.S. Forest Service's Northern Forest Fire Laboratory, established at Missoula, Mont., in 1960, are concentrating on prevention and early detection techniques. Their most dramatic accomplishment to date is the perfection of an aerial infrared scanner that can detect fire in a small bucket in a forest 15,000 feet below. Installed aboard a Convair, it has been flown over areas recently struck by lightning and has already picked up 220 fires—which show up as white spots in an infrared photograph. Forest rangers discovered that many were merely cookfires at camp sites. But others were lightning-started blazes that could have turned into major conflagrations had they not been spotted and doused in time.

Computerized Flames. The scientists are also learning more about the habitats of nature's arsonist, the lightning stroke. Their research tools include sensors for detecting electric-field charges, photoelectric devices for measuring luminosity, photographs and recordings of thunder. From studies of some 3,000 cloud-to-ground lightning flashes, two apparent patterns emerged: the number of lightning discharges from storm clouds seeded with silver iodide was from 32% to 38% less than from unseeded storms. One type of discharge, which lingers on the ground for a relatively long period of time (about one-fifth of a second)—appeared to be responsible for most fires. Thus, the scientists hope, cloud seeding and inspection of areas struck by long-discharge lightning, may some day reduce fires.



To aid in the development of fire-fighting techniques, the Missouri scientists use a combustion chamber and two wind tunnels to simulate a wide variety of fires. They also catalogue the kind of trees and underbrush that grow in each forest area, calculating the volatility of each and determining how fast it will burn under varying weather conditions. All of the data is being programmed into a computer that will eventually be used to print out a program tailored for an individual fire.

Eventually, the scientists hope to know enough about controlling the fires to be able to choose which to extinguish and which to let burn. Says Fire Laboratory Chief Arthur Brackebusch: "Fire has played an important role in building our beautiful wilderness areas. It has come through the forests harvesting, destroying old stands and making way for new ones. If we remove fire 100%, we may destroy rather than protect our wilderness areas."

ARCHAEOLOGY

New Battle of Marseille

Paris could scarcely have been more than a tribal village when Phoenician sailors established Massilia on the southern coast of France during the 6th century B.C. So strong were the Massilians and the fortifications they built that not until Caesar laid extended siege to Massilia in 49 B.C. did the city's streets clink to the armor of invaders. Subsequently Romanized, then later buried for centuries beneath the foundations of what became the port of Marseille, the fortifications were unearthed this summer when contractors began excavations for three high-rise commercial buildings, a cultural center and a 2,000-car underground garage on vacant land behind the city's bourse (stock exchange). Almost immediately, the ramparts became the objective of a new civil conflict that made up in Gaulic fury what it lacked in Roman firepower.

Greek Walls. In one camp were archaeologists who have yearned to dig into Marseille's rich, entombed past for decades. Opposed to them are proponents of a long-planned urban-renewal project—the *Projet de la Rourse*.

Delayed by World War II, the redevelopment work was reinitiated with the construction of three apartment buildings on an adjacent site in 1962. This year the city finally completed plans to finish the project; excavation was begun in February. Among the archaeologists on hand were Professors Maurice Euzenat, 40, who also serves as director of antiquities of Provence and Corsica for French Minister of Culture André Malraux, and 30-year-old François Salviat. As the power shovels bit into the rocky grey soil, more and more of Massilia's fortifications began to appear. To Euzenat's surprise, the remains of a

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ennat, it soon became apparent that a greater expanse of ramparts remained intact than anyone had estimated when fragments were unearthed earlier in the century. Moreover, the walls were definitely Greek rather than Roman, and far more important historically.

By the end of May, Euzennat and Salvin had won the support of Malraux. Unmoved, Marseille's mayor, Gaston Defferre, claimed that the city would lose 2,000 jobs and millions of dollars if construction stopped. He offered to rebuild the walls elsewhere, but the sci-



RUINS OF MASSILIA IN CITY'S CENTER
Possibly as important as Carthage.

entists balked. "If you transfer these walls, you destroy them."

Catapult Balls. Letters flew between Malraux and Defferre. Finally in early August, Malraux ordered work halted for a month—and the archaeologists began digging. They unearthed remnants of towers, lower ramparts, parts of a pier, inner walls, a sewer network and a central flagstone street. Buried within the fortifications, which are at least 460 ft. by 130 ft., were catapult balls of apparently Roman origin, along with building blocks bearing Greek monograms and pottery fragments, including one that dates from the 5th century B.C. Said Euzennat, who believes the find as important as the ruins of Carthage: "You have to go to Syracuse to find something comparable."

Last week, as their one-month reprieve expired, the archaeologists were confident that an 18-month extension from Malraux was imminent. Defferre, seemingly mellowed by the prospect of a major tourist attraction, was reported ready to negotiate.

TIME 1967

New RCA Victor TV

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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

An Empirical Faith

The Right Rev. James A. Pike has long contended that what Christianity needs is fewer beliefs but more belief. In his previous ventures into pop theology, the resigned Episcopal Bishop of California has been mostly concerned with explaining why he regards such dogmas as the Trinity and the Virgin Birth as beliefs he can do without. Now, in a new book called *If This Be Heresy* (Harper & Row; \$4.95), Pike tries to explain what he does accept and why, summing up his formula for faith in a neat little equation: "data + inference = modest faith-affirmation."

According to Pike, the traditional authoritative sources for Christian doctrine are all suspect. The Bible, for example, is not only shot through with "superstition, sheer evil and flat contradiction," but did not even exist in its present form until several centuries after the founding of Christianity. The bishop similarly dismisses the infallibility of church councils on the ground, among others, that Christian denominations disagree violently on how many there really were; Roman Catholics accept 21 ecclesiastical synods as ecumenical councils, the Greek Orthodox only seven. He also contends that the creeds did not take shape until several centuries after Christ, and "do not stand on their own feet."

With Relevant Data. What this means, argues Pike, is that man today is forced to create his own creeds and dogmas on the empirical basis of what can be proved factually. In line with his formula, he suggests that faith should start not with speculations about God but with the "relevant data" that man can establish about his own existence. Citing the examples of such diverse figures as Christ, Socrates and Unitarian Minister James Reeb, who was bludgeoned to death at Selma in 1965, Pike argues that man can transcend his "occupation of a limited space-time continuum" by his impact on others. In other words, the existence of heroism and sanctity is evidence that there is a transcendent quality to man's being that points beyond this life.

An appreciation of man's transcendence, argues Pike, can lead to an empirically based faith in the hereafter. As evidence, he cites experiments dealing with the plausibility of extrasensory perception and clairvoyance that have persuaded him, with only "a modest leap of faith," that "personal survival of death is a fact." Fact though it may be, Pike warns that too much speculation about the mystery of heaven, hell and the afterlife leads nowhere: "It is here and now that we are called to learn, to work, to love, to enjoy—and to grow. There is in this view of things every motivation for moving to new pla-

teaus of freedom and effectiveness, for becoming all we can become, while in these familiar surroundings. One world at a time."

No God to Lean On. And God? Pike firmly rejects the idea of a personal deity who answers prayers or somehow serves as an answer to the mysteries of life. "There is no way that the 'God' whom we could alternately lean on and blame can be made credible again." Nonetheless, the bishop suggests that man's "awareness of the amount of order there is, and of beauty, of joy and love" points to an "ultimate Reality" that is "in the realm of the empirical." Much in the manner of Philos-

John A. O'Brien, professor of theology at the University of Notre Dame, used the encyclical's noble words to challenge the Pope's recent decision upholding mandatory celibacy for priests. Addressing almost 200 fellow clerics gathered at Notre Dame, O'Brien said: "For years, countless thousands of priests have felt that they were being deprived of an inalienable, God-given right."

In ruling that celibacy "should today continue to be firmly linked to the ecclesiastical ministry," the Pope clearly hoped to end public discussion of the issue. Last week's meeting made it clear that the debate continues. Sponsored by the National Association for Pastoral Renewal, an organization of priests formed last year to lobby for the right to marry, the three-day symposium heard speaker after speaker forthrightly question the papal decision.

"Distortion & Injustice." The Rev. Alfred McBride of Catholic University wryly asserted that if a priest who has married "takes a look at the recent encyclical on celibacy, he will find out where he went wrong. He didn't pray enough. There wasn't adequate psychological testing when he entered the seminary." Added McBride: "More than likely this is true in some instances, but I maintain it is grossly overstated. There are married clergy today who have healthy prayer lives, a zealous sense of Christian mission and a balanced view of sex. To presume otherwise is a distortion of facts and an injustice to honest men." Describing preoccupation with celibacy as "a hobbyhorse of Roman Catholic theology," Dutch Priest R. J. Bunnik contended that Pope Paul's decision on the issue even "contradicts the way of thinking of the Second Vatican Council, which refused to call the religious life any longer the 'state of perfection' and laid great stress on the vocation of all members of the church to a life of perfect love."

Despite the Pope's determination to uphold tradition, the conference participants concluded that the arguments about celibacy will continue—if for no other reason than the continuing exodus from the ministry of priests who intend to wed. The N.A.P.R. claims that about 400 U.S. priests have done so in the past 18 months. Several speakers proposed structural reforms by which the church might regain the services of married clergymen. One suggestion: the creation of a special jurisdiction for married priests, within which they could continue their clerical functions. At the final session, the attending clerics overwhelmingly approved a resolution addressed to American bishops, urging that married priests be restored as communicants and permitted to exercise "the active ministry of the church."

* Among them: Father Robert F. Francoeur, 36, an assistant professor of biology at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University and a co-founder of the N.A.P.R., who got married last June.



PIKE AT WISCONSIN'S RIPPON COLLEGE
One world at a time.

opher Alfred North Whitehead. Pike seems to regard "God" as a force deeply bound up in the continuing creative process of the universe that in effect works in and through men. Thus, concludes Pike, "we can focus toward the future—conjoining our energies, capacities, and insights to the making of that which shall be."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Talking Back to Rome

Where the inalienable right to marriage and procreation is lacking, human dignity has ceased to exist.

So declared Pope Paul VI last March in *Populorum Progressio*, his encyclical on economic and social justice. Does this inalienable right exist for Roman Catholic priests? Last week the Rev.

* Displaying \$10 bill to illustrate the need for empirical thought. If one man asks an other to lend him \$10, and the latter does so, the borrower can infer that the man has more than \$10—but not that he is a millionaire. So with the church, argued Pike: too much should not be inferred from too little evidence.



The drifting graveyard of the North Atlantic

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for vessels traveling the North Atlantic produces better insurance for you today

One hundred miles southeast of Nova Scotia, a lonely sliver of land rises, like a phantom, out of dense, damp fogs and chilling mists. Surrounded by treacherous currents and constantly shifting shoals, pounded by monstrous waves and explosive winds, it's the isle of lost ships—Sable Island.

This navigator's nightmare has traveled many miles eastward since its discovery about 1500. Sand tentacles have reached out to clutch an estimated 500 ships and 10,000 lives. Wrecks litter its beaches. And secreted beneath its shores is an estimated \$2,000,000 in gold.

Over the years, pirates, shipwreckers, murderers, and convicts have taken their stand against the elements of Sable. Today it is inhabited by wild ponies and seals; its only humans, a handful of people attached to

its two lighthouses and radar station. Plus a band of explorers seeking another kind of buried treasure: oil.

As in the past, many ships passing Sable's treacherous waters travel with Atlantic insurance protection. Atlantic was founded 125 years ago as a marine insurer, doing business with the broadminded marine approach: *What's best for the policyholder comes first.*

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So we draw our limestone water from the very same spring the Colonel found in 1887.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Specials or Nothing

The new TV season began last week, prompting Johnny Carson to observe that he had not "seen so much excitement since *Animal Kingdom* did a 90-minute special on the death of a sponge."

Incredibly—perhaps predictably—the three networks, commanding so much money and production facility, failed in the first of two premiere weeks to contrive anything original, let alone imaginative, for their new dramatic and comedy series. Seven of the new shows are duds. Now there are 14 of them on the air, and most suffer from hoof-in-mouth disease. *High Chaparral* (NBC) standing just south of *Bonanza*'s Ponder-

launches her airborne in the wind currents around her Puerto Rican convent. Naturally, her antics appall the stern, stereotyped mother superior, but Sister Sally manages endless good works and bad gags, such as a crash landing in an Army garbage dump.

Desi Arnaz is back, this time as executive producer of *The Mothers-in-Law* (NBC). Eve Arden and Kaye Ballard are squabbling next-door neighbors whose children wind up marrying each other. Eve, best known as *Our Miss Brooks*, is one of the few comedians in the business who earns her laugh track. Kaye, who plays an Italian housewife, is a versatile actress, but she tends to overdo to the point that the show may be boycotted by Frank Sinatra's Anti-Defamation League. Producer Ar-

tion, delivered by Gregory Peck, was crisp and straightforward; the color film, directed by Photographer Eliot Elisofon, was excellent. The show desperately needed tougher editing, however; it ran four hours.

But most specials are neither that worthy nor that watchable. They range in merit from CBS's production of the Royal Shakespeare Company's *King Lear* (\$500,000 plus) to ABC's *Miss Teen International* (\$400,000 plus). Judging from last week's beginnings and the great bulk of future programming, 1967-68 will be remembered as the Year of the Hot Dog.

The Race Is to the Daft

It may comfort U.S. television viewers to learn that European programming has its shortcomings too. The highest TV rating in the history of Eurovision went last week to *Games Without Boundaries*



FIELD IN "FLYING NUN"



SCENE FROM "PROJECT AFRICA"



BALLARD & ARDEN IN "MOTHERS-IN-LAW"

rosa, features Rancher Leif Erickson against Apaches, marauding Mexicans, and a disappointing son who whimpers while he works. ABC has *Hondo*, an Army trucemaker, some of whose best friends are Apaches, and *Custer*, which takes scalps from history and Indians in equal number.

Among the non-western adventure shows is *Garrison's Gorillas* (ABC), a World War II drama about a U.S. platoon of temporarily paroled convicts working behind German lines. For those who have not seen *Mission: Impossible* on TV or *The Professionals* and *The Dirty Dozen* in the movies, Garrison's Filthy Foursome might have some appeal: the video Nazis, however, are shown to be so inept that it is a wonder the war lasted so long.

Stern Stereotype. The saps are in full flood among the situation comedies too. Most cynical confection of the season is *The Flying Nun* (ABC), a mating of *The Sound of Music* and *Mary Poppins*. Cutesy Star Sally Field, 21, plays a swinging nun whose starchy cornet

naz thinks he has a winner. "It's not sophisticated," he says, "it's not intellectual; but does it have to be intellectual to be quality? To me, a hot dog is quality—if it's a good one."

In the miscellaneous category, ABC has dusted off *Person to Person* titled *Good Company*, and put Trial Lawyer F. Lee Bailey in Edward R. Murrow's easy chair. First witness, Actor Tony Curtis, acquitted himself better than his inquisitor, but the jury should await forthcoming interviews with Everett Dirksen and Hugh Hefner before giving up.

Thorough Study. All hope for the season remains with the "special," which can be defined as a one-shot extravaganza of lofty intention whose promotion budget nearly equals the production budget. This time the networks are scheduling 300 specials, half entertainment, half news and public affairs. ABC last week started off right with its \$2,000,000 *Africa*, a thorough, informative study of the continent's ecology, culture and political life. The narra-

tion, delivered by Gregory Peck, was crisp and straightforward; the color film, directed by Photographer Eliot Elisofon, was excellent. The show desperately needed tougher editing, however; it ran four hours.

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Over the months, the program has included such nutball events as a race in which the participants sledge-hammer an upright piano into pieces that can fit into a nine-inch hole, a balloon-bursting contest with a caveman's cudgel, and a sprint in which a man mounts a Pogo stick, a girl gets on his shoulders and they hop along a greased gangplank over a pool of water.

The six national teams, of roughly 25 men and five miniskirted girls each, came from small towns in Belgium, Switzerland, France, Italy, Britain and West Germany. Earlier rounds took place in eastern Bavaria, where an elephant race was featured, and Pisa, where

* It will be repeated in more digestible one-hour segments on four successive Tuesdays beginning next week.

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the time
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JOHN CURE
EUROPE'S PIANO BUSTERS
Nothing exceeds like success.

water polo was played in a massive tank in front of the tower. Last week the finals were staged in Badenbergh, Germany. By then the entrepreneurs had run short of ideas, so the liveliest moments came with the so-called "fruit bowl" game, in which contestants tried to break balloons by rocking up and down in an animal cutout. The German team won the \$12,150 grand prize. Runner-up France received a 200-pound salami, compliments of the Badenbergh sausage industry.

Nothing exceeds like success. Eliminations within each country to determine the national entries in next summer's international championships will be starting shortly. And entry applications have already been received from two eager new contenders—Sweden and Spain.

RADIO

Pirating the Pirates

"No one is going to cock a snook at British law. The pirates are going to be dealt with."

So, with all the haughty aplomb of a modern-day Captain Bligh, decreed Britain's Postmaster General Edward Short. The pirates in this case were the dozen or so illegal radio stations that for the past three years have been beaming pop music into the British Isles from makeshift studios on rusty ferries, minesweepers, freighters and abandoned World War II antiaircraft towers just outside the three-mile limit. True to his word, Short last month helped push a piece of legislation through Parliament which, by making it a criminal offense to supply advertising, food or ships to the outlaw stations, successfully torpedoed the pirate fleet. A bloody catastrophe, waited many of the 20 million listeners who each week tuned in to hear the latest in the big beat scene. Where can they turn now? To the square, hoary old British Broadcasting Company.

Last week the BBC introduced a group of rock jockeys who will run a new pop music program, *Radio One*. The network explained that it had pirated 15, or more than half, of their new staffers, from the pirate stations.

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American Airlines

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ART



HEIDI WEBER



"MAISON D'HOMME" PAVILION

After all the years, a cascade of rhomboids and squares.

ARCHITECTURE

Homage to Corbu

The Swiss-born architect, Charles-Édouard Jeanneret, better known as Le Corbusier, came from a nation that gives social precedence to hotelkeepers and watchmakers. Annoyed by the lack of interest in avant-garde building there, he left Switzerland for good at the age of 30 in 1918, remarking that "the Swiss are clean, industrious, and to hell with them." At the time of his death in 1965, not one of his 75 major buildings could be found within the borders of his homeland.

For all that, homage is being rendered to Corbu in Zurich. A brand-new two-story center there will soon display samples of his paintings, sculpture, lithographs, tapestries, blueprints and models. The building itself, which was opened to the public this summer, is already drawing a thin but steady stream of pilgrims. The geometric cascade of rhomboids and squares, built of bared steel girders, glass and brightly enameled panels of green, red, white and yellow, might have been designed by Corbu himself.

To a large extent, it was. The center, which is called Corbusier's *Maison d'Homme*, was the idea of Heidi Weber, a vivacious blonde interior decorator who manufactures Le Corbusier-designed furniture in Switzerland. At first, the irascible old architect himself was opposed to the idea, but she won him over. Corbu drafted the plans and bequeathed the center his personal collection of lithographs. Then he died—and the controversy began.

Professors of architecture attacked the project as either too small or too costly. Proposed changes in Le Corbusier's original sketches came thick and fast. But after five years of persistent lobbying, Heidi finally won a 50-year lease from the city council on a prime lakeside park site. Backers were

nonexistent. She herself raised or borrowed 95% of the building's \$120,000 cost. Some critics huffily insisted that Heidi had altered too many architectural details after the master's death.

Nonetheless, the vast majority of the center's visitors seem to like it. Chief among them is Corbu's brother, Composer Albert Jeanneret, 83. Says he: "This is one of Corbu's masterworks, a perfect assembly of volumes and obliques. This house is a part of Corbusier and therefore inimitable."

PAINTING

Mellowed Militant

"I'm stubborn," Ben Shahn insists at 69. "I paint two things: what I love and what I abhor."

For the first 20 years of his career, Shahn's hates were what his public loved best—his scarring gouaches of the 1921 Sacco-Vanzetti trial, his brow-beaten bread-liners of the Depression, his concentration-camp victims of World War II. Since the mid-1950s, however, his work has mellowed. Nowadays, Shahn's gitti is spurred as often by tenderness as it is by rancor.

In fact, a major retrospective of 78 paintings and drawings on display last week at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art in California includes a veritable gallery of Shahn's recent enthusiasms (see color opposite). The sparkling poster for the Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, executed at the request of Composer Gian Carlo Menotti, shows a dashing harlequin of the Italian Renaissance theater's *commedia dell'arte*.

Cast-Off Antlers. The poster for an off-Broadway production of Arthur Miller's *View from the Bridge* was done after Shahn had seen the play at rehearsal. He found it "very powerful, very moving." Shahn's watercolor, *Bunches of Water or Desire*, reflects his admiration for the poetry of his son-in-law, Alan Dugan, who won both

the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize in 1962 with his first volume. The picture illustrates one of the poems, which begins

*Imagine that the fast life of a bird
sang in the branches of the cold
cast-off antlers of a stag.*

The poem compares both bird song and discarded antlers to the mysterious urge of the human mind to create. When Dugan saw the eerie anguish with which Shahn had endowed his subject, he went back to reread his poem. Shahn liked the watercolor so much that he redid it as a silk-screen print, making 50 copies. "I love doing public art," he explains. "Whenever a collector buys a painting of mine, he goes off and I never see it again."

Rembrandt Etchings. This year will be a proudly public one for Shahn. In addition to the California show,



BEN SHAHN

As often by fondness as by rancor.

BEN SHAHN'S GRAPHIC FACES



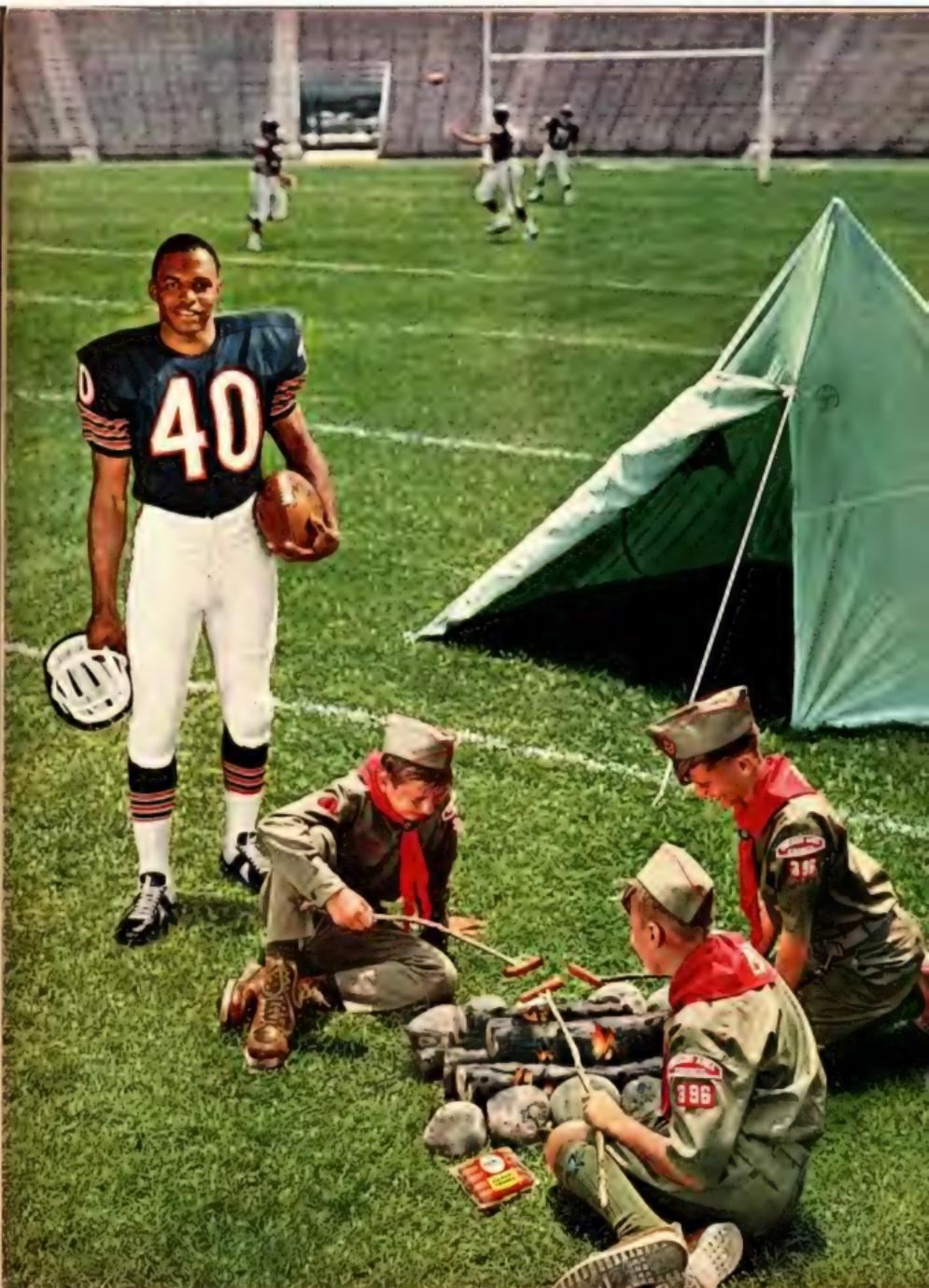
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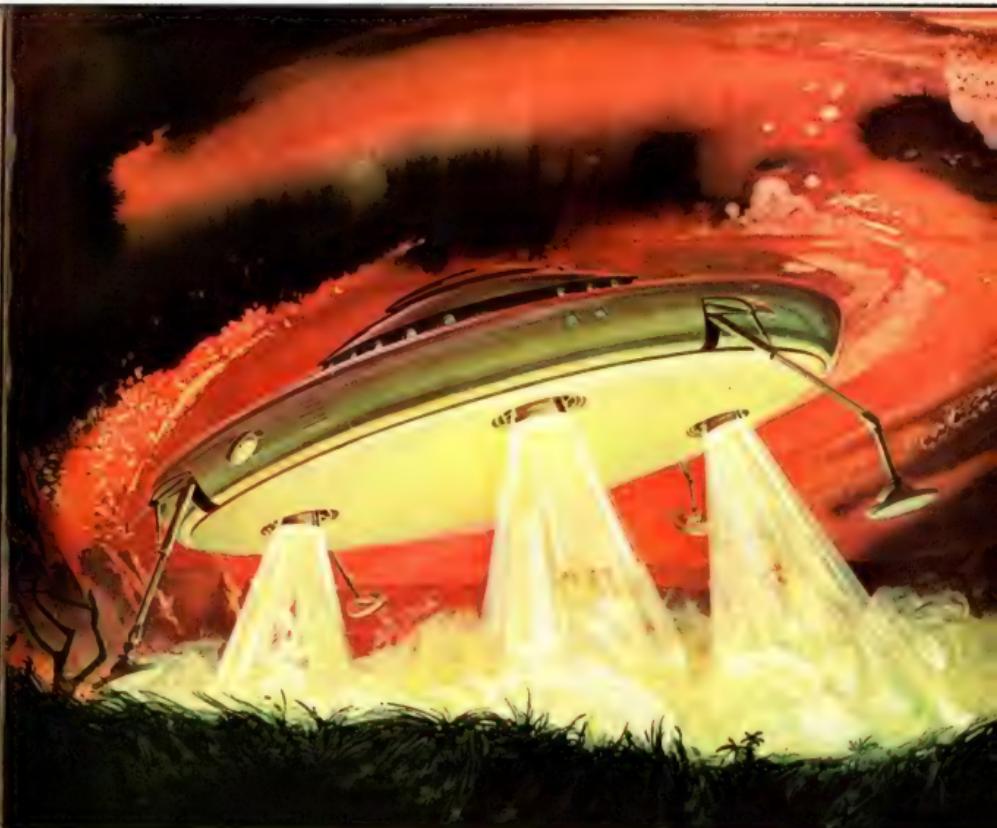
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Philadelphia Museum of Art is staging an exhibit of his graphics in November. This month, he completes a large, mosaic mural version of his Sacco-Vanzetti series at the University of Syracuse. He still contributes posters to such causes as S.N.C.C., and he sells every painting he produces—at prices ranging up to \$15,000 apiece. Shahn's home is in Roosevelt, N.J., a community founded in the 1930s as a New Deal relocation center for unemployed garment workers. Commissioned by the Government to do a mural for the local school, he became so attached to the town that he took a bungalow there. Today his house, set in 80 acres of community woodlands, is chockablock with Rembrandt etchings, Hindu gouraches and pre-Columbian sculpture. Noticeably thinner after a heart attack last winter, Shahn nevertheless still drives his Mercedes into Manhattan to wander through the streets of his boyhood, spent in Chinatown, the Lower East Side and Little Italy. "I'm not much for museums or galleries," he says, "If the painting is good, I'm jealous. If it's bad, I'm bored." When it comes to art, he prefers his own studio, where he is forever experimenting with tempera, watercolor, glass and inks. "I try to use the medium that suits that particular thing at that particular time," he explains. "I like to use a bastard medium. I am a pro, you know, and I turn to anything at will."

The Explanation

Most abstract painters loftily leave it to the critics to figure out what their squiggles, squares and blobs are all about. But not Mrs. Brenda Jeanes, the London housewife whose 24-in.-by-20-in. abstract won first prize last week at the Royal Society of Arts in the nonobjective category of a competition sponsored by the popular Sunday newspaper *The People*. Explained Mrs. Jeanes, mother of a 15-year-old daughter: "The abstract was my endeavor to depict life from the fetus to infinity, and the struggle for the first breath of life. The section of rectangles indicates the cut-and-dried life one might hope to live, passing on to life's trials, which are reality, painted in brilliant colors. The small white sections denote tranquillity, and the circle, complete peace."

To be sure, she added, "it also looks a bit like the southeastern coast of the United States—you know, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia." What technique had she employed to achieve such double-barreled results? "Well," she said modestly, "I started in the upper left-hand corner and just painted down and across." Why? "Because that way the paint doesn't smudge."

MUSEUMS

Marble for the Met

In the lofty Great Hall of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art last week appeared a newly acquired, exquisitely graceful, 7-ft. white marble statue of the mythical Perseus victoriously displaying the severed head of the Gorgon Medusa. It was completed in 1808 by the neoclassical Italian sculptor Antonio Canova. In its first week atop its pedestal, it drew gasps of admiration from some. Others responded to its supersubtle softness and delicacy much as did the poet Keats when shown Canova's half-nude statue of Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's sister. Sniffed Keats: "Beautiful bad taste."

Canova, one of the most celebrated sculptors of his day, known as "the new Phidias," had carved an earlier Per-



CANOVA'S "PERSEUS"
Thanks to the countess.

seus for a Milanese nobleman at his atelier in Rome. It was inspired by the celebrated 1st century Roman marble of Apollo Belvedere, which had recently been carried off from the Vatican by invading French soldiers. Pope Pius VII liked the new Canova so much that the Roman authorities refused to grant an export permit, and it was bought for the Vatican where it now stands. (The Apollo was also returned.) A Polish countess, Valeria Tarnowska, then commissioned a second Perseus, which many consider even more finely modeled and technically expert than the first. The Polish countess paid 3,000 Italian gold sequins for it (about \$120,000). Her heirs sold it in 1850, after her death, to a wealthy Austrian family. The Met, which bought it from the same family early this year in private negotiations, declined to discuss what effect two centuries of inflation had had on the price.



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THE PRESS

WRITERS

Lance for Hire

Freelance. The word derives from footloose knights willing to defend any castle for a fee, and it still rings romantically. Today's deskbound journalist dreams of breaking the shackles, telling off the boss, and striking out on his own. He will decide what to write, how to write it and when to write it. Freed from the confines of a newspaper or magazine, he will fulfill the creativity he has so long suppressed as an organization man.

"Sure, I love the freedom to work 18 hours a day," says Marvin Kitman, who has written some 125 humorous articles for assorted magazines. "And to brood on the one day off I take each

Others, like the *Saturday Evening Post*, have retrenched, taken on contract writers and discouraged freelancers. The more prosperous publications tend to rely on their own staffs and provide them with the resources to do a more thorough job than freelancers would ordinarily be capable of. A staff writer who leaves a publication to escape editing can often end up being edited more heavily than ever. "When I think of a freelance magazine writer," says Don McKinney, chief articles editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, "I think of a guy in his late 30s who can't write very well. There are just too many other ways for a good writer to make money."

Freelancers can only agree that the money isn't as plentiful as it used to be

change their minds about a piece for a variety of reasons—or an editor may be changed. When *Holiday* magazine Editor Don Schanche was replaced last April, all his assignments for articles were cancelled.

A few freelancers have surmounted the difficulties and made a go of it. Ken Purdy's secret is speed. Allowing himself a maximum of two weeks for a nonfiction piece and only three days for a short story, he is currently working on 16 assignments. He makes from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. Less skillful practitioners resort to ruses. Before he gave up freelancing to become the assistant articles editor of the *New York Times Magazine*, Gerald Walker used to dream up devices that he called "How to succeed in freelance writing without really writing." He would interview some 20 children of celebrities, for example, and ask them to tell what their daddies did. He would then string the precious quotes together and sell them to *Good Housekeeping*.

Rise of Hyphenates. Freelancers are always on the prowl for ways to supplement their income. The best way, they have found, is to write books. "The good people who used to write for magazines," says Literary Agent Perry Knowlton, "are in tremendous demand from book publishers. Naturally, they move on." Despite the fact that he was making \$50,000 a year as a magazine freelancer, Ernest Havemann is taking time out for a couple of years to write a textbook on psychology. By writing such books as *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, *The Schools* and more recently *The Lawyers*, Martin Mayer has raised his income to more than \$50,000 a year. Freelancer A. E. Hotchner has made close to \$500,000 from his best-selling *Papa Hemingway*, and William Manchester has earned at least as much from *The Death of a President*. Freelancers with a talent for fiction have another escape—and that is television. If they find they can write episodes for a series, they are paid \$2,500 to \$3,500 for a half-hour script, \$4,000 to \$6,000 for an hour. A few emerge from this fiercely competitive field as so-called hyphenates. Like Rod Serling or Paul Henning, they become writer-directors or writer-producers and can earn more than \$100,000 a year.

Ultimately, the disillusioned freelancer can return to being an organization man. That was the path taken by the Times's Gerald Walker, and he has no regrets. "During my entire six years of freelancing," he says, "I thought of almost nothing but money, as most freelancers do. Now I expend about one-fifth the energy as an editor, and I go home at 5:30 and forget about it until the next day." But in spite of all the hazards, freelancers continue to avoid the temptations of security. At one point when he was feeling "particularly unstable," Brock Brower applied for a college teaching job. When he was accepted, he told himself: "Oh, to hell



PURDY



HOTCHNER



BROWER

Freedom—to work 18 hours a day and brood on the day off.

month." Ken Purdy, who turns out 25 pieces a year, both fiction and nonfiction, says, "It's great not to be responsible to anyone, but then there are those mornings when you wake up at 3 a.m. and know you've had the last idea of your life." "You don't belong to anyone, and you can ski when you please," says Brock Brower, who writes about politics and literature with equal facility, "but you're always haunted by the feeling that you should be working."

Dwindling Market. "A common mistake many young writers make," says Emily Jacobson, a Manhattan-based writers' agent, "is to leave their institutional connections, flushed with success. But with the arduous apprenticeship and the pressure riding on every word, it's often a total disaster."

Pressures have risen as the market for freelancers has dwindled. Magazines that used to welcome material—*Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *American*—have gone out of business.

—and therein lies another source of tension. The *New York Times Magazine* pays \$400 per article, *Harper's* and *Atlantic Monthly* pay anywhere from \$250 to \$750; *Esquire* offers \$1,000 for the average job by the average freelancer. The standard fees of *Playboy*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's* and *Holiday* are around \$2,000. Even leaving aside special deals with the likes of Svetlana Allilieva and Theodore White, *Life* pays best—anywhere from about \$2,500 to \$5,000 for what is considered a major article.

Since a freelance writer turns out roughly twelve pieces a year, he makes \$20,000 at best—and few come near that. He faces additional insecurities as well. His article may be turned down after he has gone to the trouble of writing it. The *New York Times Magazine* rejects a full 20% of the articles it commissions. The writer is then paid \$150 as compensation—considerably less than he had counted on. Editors may

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with it. I'm not feeling unstable any more." As a freelancer intending to write books, "you're always waiting for the big hit," he explains. "It's kind of an American dream."

WIRE SERVICES

Under De Gaulle's Umbrella

Charles de Gaulle's lordly insistence on playing all the international fields has benefited at least one French organization—Agence France Presse. Working under the umbrella of France's cordial relations with some of the world's prickliest countries, A.F.P. men report from 144 nations and territories outside France. Now that the Reuters man in



A.F.P.'S MARIN

Glimpse through the blackout.

Peking has been placed under house arrest, A.F.P.'s Jean Vincent and René Flipo are the only Western correspondents left at liberty to roam the streets as they please in search of news. An A.F.P. man reports regularly from Hanoi, and during the six-day war between the Arabs and Israelis, the agency maintained service from Cairo, Damascus and Amman from war's beginning through the cease-fire.

In Hanoi, where the A.F.P. has been operating for the past 15 months, correspondents must cope with a virtual information blackout. Newsmen are not allowed to leave the capital, and every dispatch must be shown to the Foreign Ministry before it is sent. A.F.P. cables can take up to 20 hours to reach Paris, where the news agency translates and transmits them in English, Spanish, Portuguese and German as well as French. As a result U.S. announcements of



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bombings in North Viet Nam usually scoop A.F.P. coverage. The dispatches sometimes sound prejudiced, since they must pass Hanoi eyes, but they do provide on-the-spot, visual confirmation of the raids. In addition, they report the comings and goings of Communist delegations, give glimpses of daily life in the North Vietnamese capital, and provide sketchy bits of information about the country's economy.

A.F.P. is the direct descendant of the Havas news agency, the stodgy progenitor of all agency reporting, established in 1835 by Charles Havas. Used by the Germans for their own purposes, mostly propaganda, during World War II, the agency was forced to start from scratch as a government enterprise in 1944 under the name Agence France Presse. It played a slow, largely interpretive fourth flute to AP, UPI and Reuters for a decade.

Looking Up. In 1954 Jean Marin, a journalist and radio commentator, took over as A.F.P. general manager. Everyone looks up to Marin; he not only stands 6 ft. 3½ in. tall, but by 1957 he had established a correspondent in Peking, freed the agency from official French control, and begun to woo the 150 subscribers in 60 countries that A.F.P. has since won. Marin, now 64, has expanded his team of correspondents and stringers by 100. They are free to enter and report from almost every nation in the world except Albania and Guinea.

Realizing that 120 newspapers in Paris and the French provinces are not enough to finance A.F.P.'s worldwide operations, Marin is conscious of the need to expand abroad. Toughest market to crack thus far has been the Anglo-American press. This year A.F.P. at least got its foot in the door when both the New York Times and the Times of London joined its growing list of regular subscribers.

NEWSPAPERS

Pie-Eyed

Printers occasionally mix up lines of newspaper stories (they call it "pied type"), but one story in the New York Times last week was positively pie-eyed:

NEW LEFT SCORNED BY NORMAN THOMAS

Norman Thomas, 82-year-old leader of American radicals, masked itself in its recent convention in Chicago as "black told seven visiting British socialists yesterday that the so-called New Politics had unapartheid" and he wanted Thomas declared, American none of it.

Apart from traditional socialists and Communists, Mr.



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MEDICINE



MAGINNIS



RAMSEY



SHRIVER

Pick up the roots, not the pieces.

GYNECOLOGY

Disease of Unwanted Pregnancy

The subject was abortion, virtually unthinkable as a topic of public discussion only a few years ago. The sponsors of the Washington conference of physicians, sociologists, theologians and jurists were an unlikely pair: the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation and the Harvard Divinity School. Eunice Kennedy Shriver explained for the foundation that it was concerned with the subject because abortion had been recommended as a means of reducing the number of children doomed to mental retardation. Harvard Theologian Herbert W. Richardson said the conference was designed to put public discussion of abortion on a higher plane.

But the central question was whether it should be made easier for women to get legal and safely sterile abortions. Boston College's Jesuit Theologian-Lawyer Robert F. Drinan contended that even a therapeutic abortion under the model code recommended by the American Law Institute and recently adopted, in essence, by three states means taking a life. To ensure that no abortion should have legal sanction, Father Drinan suggested that the states should repeal all abortion laws.

Risks and Rejections. Legality aside, most of the discussion concerned abortion as a means of ex post facto birth control. "The 'disease' of an unwanted pregnancy is usually not fatal," said Obstetrician Kenneth J. Ryan of Case-Western Reserve University School of Medicine, "but living with it is so onerous that many women risk death via criminal abortion rather than suffer its far-reaching effects." How many? No one knew. "Estimates" running from 200,000 to 1,500,000 a year in the U.S. are worthless guesses, said the Pop-

ulation Council's Dr. Christopher Tietze. He also scoffed at estimates of 10,000 deaths annually from illegal abortions, suggesting there might be 500 and possibly 1,000, but no more. Even the lower figure gives a far higher death rate than that from legal abortions in Europe and Japan, he noted.

Several speakers dwelt on the cost of "unwanted-pregnancy disease." In physical terms, Johns Hopkins Pediatrician Robert E. Cooke, himself the father of a handicapped child, said it will be "many, many years before we have the medical means to repair genetic defects in the womb." In terms of the family, Dr. Sophia M. Robison, emeritus professor of Columbia University's School of Social Work, said it was still not generally realized how widespread is parental rejection of children who were not wanted in the first place. "Much social work in this area," she said, "is picking up the pieces instead of going to the roots of the matter—that is, granting the mother the right to terminate an unwanted pregnancy." Judge Orman Ketchum of the District of Columbia Juvenile Court reported that "most of the juveniles who come before me were unwanted children."

Negro Needs. Manhattan Gynecologist Sophia J. Kleegman decried discrimination between private patients and the poor. "The number of therapeutic abortions in municipal hospitals is only about one-fifth that in private hospitals," she said. "This is because the rules are more stringent and the law is followed more closely in the municipal hospital."

Father Drinan saw race discrimination in North Carolina's relaxation of its abortion law because, he said, it was mainly aimed at reducing the Negro birth rate. But the National Urban League's Whitney Young Jr. (TIME cover, Aug. 11) saw the poor as the target and suggested that some states might make abortion easier to reduce the welfare rolls. Young complained that the poor were discriminated against in that they could not obtain costly but safe abortions in the U.S. or travel abroad for them as can the well-to-do.

Measuring what has been accomplished so far, University of Pennsylvania Professor Louis B. Schwartz, a consultant on the American Law Institute's model code, conceded that it amounted to only "a very conservative liberalization." But he added that since a few legislatures have taken this step, "others will now follow their example, seeing that this does not mean political suicide."

Somewhat Sanguine. This was hardly enough for California Activist Pat Maginnis, 39, a medical technician who has had three abortions herself. Uninvited to the conference, she led pickets outside the Hilton Hotel and gave public lectures on self-abortion. It was her startling opinion that no law held the

woman responsible for ridding herself of an unwanted child. Therefore, she argued, the police can take no action "even if you take your fetus into the police station and tell them you just did your own abortion."

Even this extreme measure may become academic within a few years. Princeton's Methodist Theologian R. Paul Ramsey predicted that "with safe, do-it-yourself abortion medications, abortion will be brought entirely into the arena of private decision." A bit sanguine perhaps, but not beyond possibility. The morning-after and once-a-month pills are still in the early laboratory and testing stages, but medical researchers are hard at work trying to make Dr. Ramsey's prediction come true.

GENETICS

Drugs & Chromosomes

ISD, the substance that was supposed to open the doors to a luminous new world of the mind, has instead opened the minds of medical researchers to a dark world of hitherto unsuspected dangers in connection with many drugs. It now appears that not only ISD, but also other, more familiar drugs may damage the human reproductive mechanism by causing breaks or other abnormalities in the chromosomes. A woman with such chromosomal damage may have a spontaneous abortion or a stillbirth, or her child may be deformed, or develop a fatal anemia.

Evidence for these conclusions is only six months old but has been accumulating so fast that last week the National Foundation-March of Dimes called an emergency meeting of top geneticists to consider the problem.

Test-Tube Growths. X rays and other forms of radiation have long been known to cause breaks in chromosomes. So have some viruses and a few drugs used in the treatment of cancer. To these must now be added drugs of many types. Columbia University's Dr. O. Jack Miller noted that the widely used "major tranquilizer," chlorpromazine (Thorazine), has been shown to produce breaks in a few cases, and even the antihistamine diphenhydramine (Benadryl) in one case. Western Reserve's Dr. Morton Stenchever added the popular minor tranquilizers chlordiazepoxide and diazepam (Librium and Valium) to the list as causing breaks in animal cells, though this effect has not yet been confirmed in human patients. The antibiotics have not been shown to cause breaks, except for two compounds used only for advanced cancer. But the heart stimulant digitoxin causes breaks, said Buffalo's Dr. Maimon M. Cohen.

So far, chromosomal breaks in drug users have been shown mainly in test-tube growths of cells from the patients' blood. What disturbed the geneticists was that the breaks and other abnormalities appear to be identical with those

known to be associated with some congenital disorders. At successive stages of damage and attempted self-repair, chromosomes are found with notched or broken arms, with translocations in which a detached arm of one chromosome gets stuck to another, and quadriradial or cross shapes. Such abnormalities appear in some cases of mongolism as well as in several severe forms of anemia that are accompanied by stunted growth and other physical defects, and in leukemia—to which victims of these disorders are especially susceptible.

Granted, said Dr. Cohen, specimens from healthy people will show 4% to 5% of cells with a notched or otherwise damaged chromosome. But in LSD users, the rate soars to 19%, and—at least in the test tube—still higher with some other drugs. Granted also, said the panelists, that they have seen no proven case of a birth deformity in an LSD user's child, but they are investigating several suspected cases.

The experts agreed: no man or woman should take LSD during the reproductive years, except for sound medical reasons—and none of the panelists could think of a single such reason.



By its very nature, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation takes place under dramatic circumstances. But the circumstances have rarely been as dramatic or the place as extraordinary as during the attempted revival of TV Cable Lineman Charles Whited, 21, who touched a 2,400-volt wire in Indiana, Pa., last week and collapsed. Locking a ladder for Ambulance Attendant Tom Streams, Fellow Lineman Ronald Viney spiked his way up the pole with Streams on his back. Streams struggled to restore Whited's breathing and heartbeat, but he was too late.



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Married. Judith Fisher, 22, granddaughter of a founder of Fisher Body Co., now a GM division; and Jack F. Chrysler Jr., 21, grandson of Chrysler Corp.'s founder; in a Roman Catholic ceremony; in Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Died. Mohamed ben Laden, 53, Saudi Arabian construction king who could neither read nor write but whose computer-like memory for figures lifted him from laborer to Arameco construction boss in his mid-thirties, whereupon he quit to form his own company and with the late King Ibn Saud's patronage built \$500 million worth of airfields, dams and highways throughout his nation; of injuries in the crash of his Du Havilland DH-125 executive jet; near Khamsi Mushait, Saudi Arabia.

Died. Richard H. Amberg, 55, publisher of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a Harvard-educated businessman-journalist who went to the Globe when Sam Newhouse added it to his chain in 1955, rejuvenated the paper's editorials, concentrated on local coverage, civic progress and a personal membership in virtually every organization in town, all of which lifted circulation (now 315,000 daily) to within hailing distance of the international-minded Post-Dispatch; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Ilse Koch, 61, "bitch of Buchenwald," wife of the Nazi extermination camp's commandant, who was just as bestial as the men around her; by her own hand (hanging); in Aichach women's prison, Upper Bavaria, where she was serving a life sentence.

Died. James P. Finnegan, 66, one-time (1944-51) collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis and a central figure in the Truman Administration scandals, the first of some 30 tax officials to resign during the 1951 congressional probe that uncovered illegal payoffs in many IRS offices, was convicted in 1952 of taking money from two firms with cases before the Government, serving 18 months of a two-year term for misconduct in office; of a heart ailment; in Webster Groves, Mo.

Died. Harry Elmer Humphreys Jr., 66, president (1949-57) and chairman (1951-65) of Uniroyal Inc., formerly U.S. Rubber Co., third largest U.S. rubber producer, who rose from secretary of Christiana Securities, the Du Pont family holding company, to head the Du Pont-controlled rubber firm, where he overcame a late start in postwar expansion and more than doubled sales (to \$1.2 billion) before retiring; of a heart ailment; in White Plains, N.Y.

Died. Ernest Henderson, 70, co-founder and for 30 years boss of Sheraton Hotels, world's largest chain; of a

heart attack: in Boston. Sparsely built and quiet, Henderson and his Harvard roommate, Robert Moore, started out in 1919 with a small import and radio business; then, during the Depression, gambled \$10,000 to buy a faltering Boston investment firm; by taking advantage of low prices, they gobbed up properties that totaled \$30 million by 1939—including Boston's Sheraton, which became the namesake of an ever-growing chain of businessmen-oriented hotels that today numbers 153 in the U.S. and abroad.

Died. Francis D. Ouimet, 74, earliest of the great U.S. golfers, who in 1913 at the Brookline, Mass., Country Club, became the first amateur to win the U.S. Open by outshooting British Pro Stars Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, went on to win the U.S. Amateur championship twice (1914 and 1931, by which time he was a prosperous stockbroker), and in 1951 received the ultimate accolade as the first non-Briton ever to be named captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, where the sport was born: of a heart attack; in Newton, Mass.

Died. Siegfried Sassoon, 80, British poet and author, scion of a wealthy London family, who won the Military Cross for valor in World War I, while at the same time composing savage verses on combat horrors ("Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back / With dying eyes and lolling heads?") that won him fame at home, later retired to his country hermitage where he rode, hunted, and wrote three volumes of fictionalized autobiography, *The Memoirs of George Sherston*; of cancer; near Warminster, England.

Died. Vice Admiral John Franklin Shafroth, 80, commander of the U.S. task force that shelled the Japanese homeland in the closing days of World War II, leading an eight-ship bombardment squadron to the island of Honshu on July 14, 1945, then ranging up and down the coast destroying military targets as an indication of Japan's helplessness in the face of U.S. might; of a stroke; in Westerly, R.I.

Died. William Francis Gibbs, 81, foremost U.S. naval architect; after a long illness; in Manhattan. Another of Harvard's fairer sons, Gibbs (TIME cover, Sept. 28, 1942) founded his design firm, now Gibbs & Cox, Inc., in 1922, and over the years was responsible for the design of nearly 7,000 vessels, more than 5,000 of them in World War II, everything from LST tank landing ships to the 10,500-ton cruiser *Atlanta*. His pride was a peacetime beauty, the 53,329-ton superliner *United States*, which in 1952 on her maiden voyage snatched the blue ribbon from Britain's *Queen Mary*, by crossing the Atlantic at an average speed of 35.59 knots, a record she still holds.



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ONCE THIS TOWN'S WATER HAD A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA

Oakland, Maryland, has had serious water problems for years.

This agricultural community of 2000 has lived with the dangers of flash spring floods. And critical water shortages during fall droughts.

These crises can be traced to an antiquated water system, dozens of dry Garrett County wells and a lack of flood control.

Oakland had growth problems too. Industries shy away from towns without water. Businessmen avoid towns with flash floods. In fact, a large food-processing company turned down cold an Oakland plant site.

In 1959, Oakland's water situation was desperate. Even under strict rationing, the town had to haul water from Lake Herrington eight miles away. Two 2000-gallon tank trucks had to work around the clock hauling lake water.

They dumped it, fish scales, tadpoles and all, into Oakland's water system. Then the raw water was dosed with chlorine and pumped into thirsty mains.

Six weeks later, a number of townpeople had been arrested for violating the strict rationing laws, and the town was scared. Then the crisis ended. But the problem remained.

Mayor Russell Smith and the town council knew something had to be done. The town had to find a new water source and to use it. Oakland needed money.

First, the town charter was amended to permit more borrowing power. Limits were raised from 1 to 12 percent

of assessed value. The proposal passed unopposed. So did the \$500,000 bond issue.

Then Mayor Smith called in a team of engineers. They evaluated and projected Oakland's water needs to the year 2000. Recommendations included six flood-control dams, a new pumping station on the Youghiogheny River and a new water-treatment plant.

Today, five of the dams are operating. So are the pumping and water-treatment operations. Oakland's water supply has doubled. There hasn't been a flood or a serious water shortage in Oakland since 1961. And the sixth dam, a 138-acre, flood-control water-storage project, is in the planning stages.

Four new businesses have already moved into the area now that Oakland's days of floods, fish scales and tadpoles are over.

Oakland's problems aren't completely solved yet. But its 2000 people aren't worried about water anymore.

What's happening in Oakland can happen anywhere farsighted people do something about water problems. Today, some 40 million Americans live with water problems that need to be solved.

That's a lot of people waiting for a few to act.

Find out what you can do by sending for "It's Time We Faced America's Water Problem," Dept. T-67, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill.

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LABOR

Costly from Any Point of View

In the days leading up to the inevitable strike, the auto industry seemed to have only business-as-usual on its mind. The Ford Motor Co., which United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther had singled out as his initial strike target, was showing no interest in the round-the-clock bargaining. At General Motors, where the threat of a strike was not so immediate, officials cheerfully predicted 1968-model sales of over 9,000,000 cars, up from an estimated 8,600,000 during the current model year. And throughout the industry, automakers went about introducing their new models (see following story) with the usual flourish.

Eleventh-Hour Appeal. Reuther's men seemed scarcely more troubled than the companies. At Ford's River Rouge plant, workers showed up for their last shift in a festive mood that resulted in several stoppages on the assembly lines. The first of the U.A.W.'s 160,000 Ford employees walked off more than eleven hours before their old contract expired. The strike was almost anticlimactic, even though it closed down 93 Ford plants in 25 states. Reuther announced the walkout shortly after midnight, then went home to nurse a case of laryngitis he had picked up in eight weeks of futile negotiations. When payday rolled around, many striking workers simply went to company parking lots, where Ford had the payroll waiting in armored trucks.

With the two sides expected to resume their talks this week, bargaining will have to start almost from scratch. Still on the table is a two-week-old Ford offer that would raise wages and benefits by about 4% in each of the next three years; wages would go up by 13¢ an hour the first year, about 11¢ an hour during each of the next two. That would gradually raise the typical Ford worker's weekly base pay, at present \$146, to about \$160. The U.A.W. has called for annual wage-benefit increases of 6%, which would boost weekly income to about \$174. So far apart are the two positions that Ford did not even bother to sweeten the pot with a last-minute offer.

For his part, Reuther insisted that wages must "reflect productivity," refused to budge on his money demands unless Ford agreed to turn over to him its figures on output per man-hour. It was largely Reuther's desire to get this information that inspired him to make an eleventh-hour appeal to submit the dispute to arbitration. A three-man panel,

Reuther suggested, would impose a binding settlement after taking into account "productivity and profitability," as well as "the equity received by Ford executives and stockholders." Dismissing such considerations as "beyond the scope of collective bargaining," Chief Ford Negotiator Malcolm Denise predictably rejected the notion.

An even more persistent Reuther theme was that the Big Three automakers were engaged in a "collusive conspiracy" masterminded by G.M. What particularly bothered the U.A.W. chieftain was the refusal by G.M. and Chrysler to extend their union contracts beyond last week's expiration date. While assuring the union that his company had "no intention to lock out its employees," G.M. Vice President Louis G. Seaton declared flatly: "There is no possibility of settlement. Therefore we will not extend the contract."

As Reuther knows only too well, the lack of contracts with G.M. and Chrysler frees those companies to hire and fire at will. It also suspends payroll deductions for union dues, enables the companies to ignore seniority rights and normal grievance arbitration procedures. Beyond that, by making the U.A.W.'s constitutional ban against wildcat strikes inoperative, the contract expirations will no doubt encourage union militants to stage local walkouts. Any production curtailment at G.M. or Chrysler would ease one of the main pressures on Ford to come to terms.

Sticky Issues. What seems like airy nonchalance on the part of the Big Three may actually reflect their satis-

faction over Reuther's ticklish position. Nonetheless, an end to the industry's labor strife seems uncomfortably far off, one reason being that the union, as G.M.'s Seaton complains, has yet "to put priorities on its mountain of demands." Besides his wage demands, Reuther has raised such sticky issues as a "guaranteed annual income." And even when a settlement with Ford is finally achieved, the U.A.W. will have to deal with Chrysler and G.M.—where strikes could also develop, if not over national issues, then over almost countless local problems.

The U.A.W. has a strike fund amounting to \$67 million, enough to keep its Ford workers on benefits (up to \$30 a week for a married man with children) for more than three months. Faced with that drain on its treasury, the union is preparing to raise strike assessments for workers still on the job from \$1.25 to as much as \$2.1 a month. As for Ford, sale of its 1968 models is scheduled to begin Sept. 22, and the 90,000 cars already in dealers' hands should last for three weeks after that.

The Johnson Administration has so far maintained a hands-off policy. As long as the strike is confined to just one automaker, said Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, it might "somewhat dampen" the nation's economic activity, but "its main effect will be to postpone production sales and incomes into later months."

Such assurances notwithstanding, many of the 7,000 firms that supply Ford with parts and material are sure to be hurt: a few started laying off workers within hours after the strike began.

The biggest burden, of course, will fall on the principals themselves. The U.A.W., warned Walter Reuther, "will be tested as it has never been tested before." Proclaimed Henry Ford II, chairman of the shut-down auto company: "The strike will be costly. But the effects of an unsound settlement would be far more pervasive, longer lasting and, in the final analysis, even more costly."

AUTOS

An Intermediate Year

First on display in the 1967 parade of new car showings was American Motors (TIME, Aug. 25) with its Javelin. Next came the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford and Chrysler. By last week, General Motors had shown most of its line. This week there will be unveilings by Chevrolet and by Ford—which plans to display 1968 models, strike or not.

Style changes this year are far from radical: most manu-



FINAL PAYDAY FOR FORD STRIKERS OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA PLANT
Not even a priority yet on the mountain of demands.

facturers have opted to streamline existing models—adding a little chrome here, taking a little there. The sporty flair initiated by the Ford Mustang in 1964 is everywhere in evidence. Most of the emphasis is on the “intermediate”—more than a compact, but less than a full-size car. Says Ford Division General Manager Matt McLaughlin: “The real battleground for sales in 1968 is going to be in the intermediate field.” Lincoln-Mercury is betting on its Montego line, of which two models resemble the popular Cougar. General Motors is also pushing the intermediates, featuring minor changes suggested by success of the 1966 Toronado. The 1968 Tempest, for example, has an abbreviated rear and an elongated front, giving it the look of a chunky road racer. For its own sporty look, Buick has taken its Skylark and gone back to a sweeping, chrome-lined silhouette that became popular ten years ago.

Chrysler is also de-emphasizing basic

and Chrysler that 1968 models will probably cost up to \$130 more than the '67s. At least part of the price increase is attributable to the mounting list of safety features, which now number about 20. One noteworthy addition this year: improved control over exhaust emission. Still left undecided is whether front-seat shoulder harnesses will be mandatory on all new cars starting Jan. 1. The National Traffic Safety Bureau had issued the order, but recently its members viewed a disturbing G.M. test film of a simulated car crash. At impact, the lap straps did not prevent the heads of dummies in the back seat from being thrown forward, causing them to bang against the heads of shoulder-harnessed dummies in the front seat. As a result, the bureau decided that further research into the controversial shoulder strap is necessary.



PLYMOUTH ROAD RUNNER

design changes and making only minor adjustments in the Dodge Coronet and Plymouth Belvedere. An exception is the Dodge Charger, which has junked its fast-back styling and taken on a pair of swept-back wings joining the roof to the rear deck. Plymouth will compete with the Tempest Le Mans and the Mercury Montego by offering a hopped-up Belvedere called the Road Runner. In the big-car field, Cadillac now boasts the largest engine in the industry, though its exterior remains virtually unchanged.

Gas Caps & Waste Gates. There are many new cosmetic touches. Dodge's Charger has fake air vents on both hood and front doors, which the company calls “simulated waste gates.” The Charger also has a large chrome gas cap protruding from the rear bumper—an effect inspired by racing cars and called a “quick fill gas cap.” The Pontiac Tempest GTO has a rubberized front bumper that resists dents to about 3 m.p.h. impact—which would not do the average driver much good. And the new Plymouth station wagon has a “squeegee washer wiper,” which cleans the rear window when it is rolled down.

And this, of course, costs money. Buyers have been warned by both Ford



DODGE CHARGER
All for chrome and cosmetics.



BUICK SKYLARK

PRICES

Upward March

After standing at une accustomed ease through the spring and most of the long summer, prices are beginning an upward march. The consumer price index, which had been slowly creeping up earlier in the year, increased 0.4% in July to a record 116.5—or 16.5% above the 1957-59 base level. More significant was a stirring in the cost of basic industrial products that generally foreshadows general price trends. After five months of stability, industrial goods rose a substantial 0.3% in August.

The figures do not even begin to reflect many increases announced over the past several weeks. Since the beginning of August, higher prices have been posted in film, trucks, lumber, aluminum sheet, color TV sets, rubber tires and many electrical appliances. Hardly a day goes by without new rises in one chemical or another. Last week it was liquid chlorine (used in bleaches, paper, textiles) and glycerine (paint, explosives), which got an average 3% price boost by Dow Chemical Co.

Belated Astonishment. The Administration has long been citing the danger of a renewal of last year's price spiral as an argument for its tax bill, and now is using the figures to lend an unusual urgency to the pitch. In a generally rosy report on the economy last week, Presidential Adviser Gardner Ackley was moved to emphasize “unwelcome but convincing indications of inflationary pressures ahead.”

Steel was the key indicator, and its upward climb promised a renewal of public jostling over prices between the Administration and industry in general. Since January, steelmen have been boosting prices in bits and pieces—in tubing, thin tin plate for can making, followed by hot-rolled carbon and alloy plates—with only a whimper from Washington. Not until just before the Labor Day weekend, when Republic Steel dropped word of new prices in steel bars, did the Administration react. Ackley condemned the move, professing a belated astonishment at the fact that higher prices have already been chalked up “for nearly half the steel tonnage produced in this country,” and a flock

of telegrams urged other producers not to follow Republic.

Nothing doing. Joining Republic almost immediately, U.S. Steel pointed out that it, too, was “very mindful” of the inflation problem, especially the way that higher costs plus an automatic 3% rise in employee payments Aug. 1 were squeezing earnings. Other producers followed, and the Administration did not press its fight. At 1.8%, the bar price rise was small indeed. But the industry is now on notice to be wary of taking the rumored next step: a boost in sheet and strip steel, which as a key auto-industry item would be certain to have wide impact.

Rusty Machinery. Generally, Administration economists are suspicious of the reasons given for the price surge. They concede the need to prop profits against the pressure of higher wage, transportation and other costs. But with industrial plants running at a slack 85% of capacity (vs. last year's 91% peak), they also suspect business of using any pretext to raise prices in order to reap a windfall of earnings as the economy picks up. Reflecting this root distrust, Ackley recently took special pains to chide the rubber industry for following a strike-forced labor settlement that was “clearly out of line” with price hikes “even greater than the added costs of the wage agreement.”

One reason for the bureaucrats' suspicion is simply that the August industri-



copper developments



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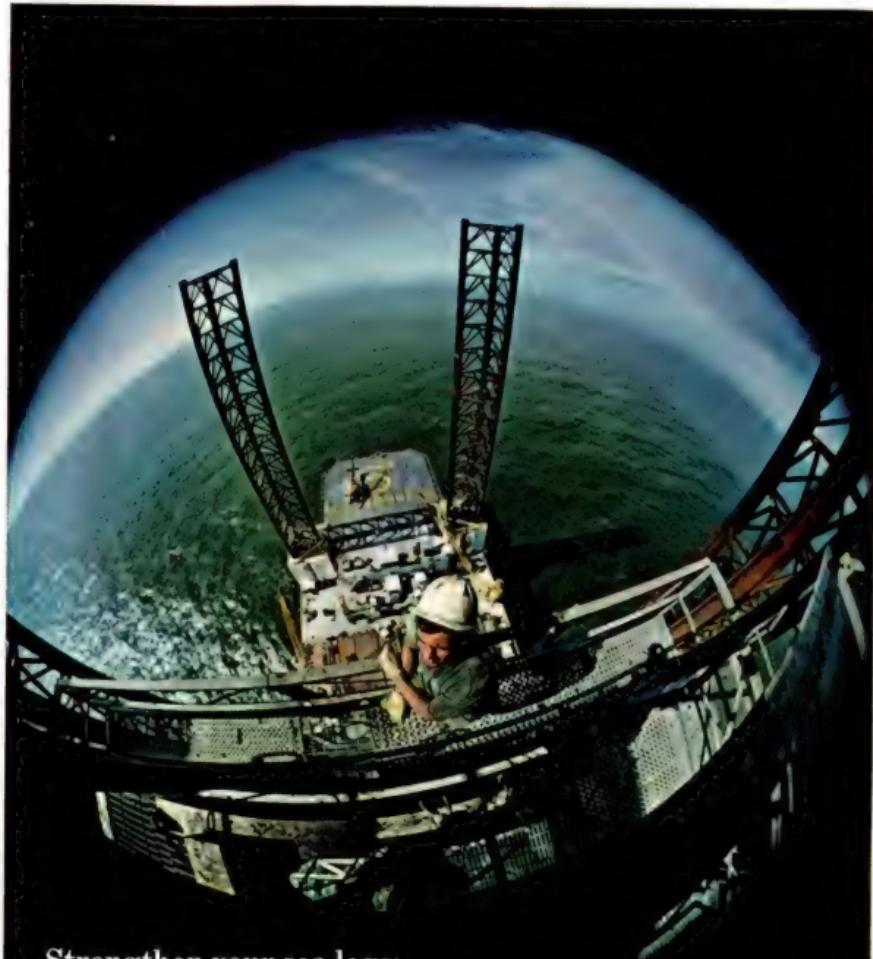
Copper alloy tubes are used to heat ocean water which then "flashes" into salt-free vapor and condenses into pure water. The process is almost as simple as boiling off steam in a kettle. And though the process is simple, the engineering problems are complex. Turbulent hot sea water is extremely corrosive. The conversion cost must be economical. The copper and brass industry is now developing the new data that will help engineers design more efficient and lower cost desalting plants to assure future generations an inexhaustible supply of fresh, potable water.

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al price surge caught Washington by surprise. Through the months of relative price peace, the Government's inflation-watching machinery has grown rusty. Commerce Secretary Alexander Trowbridge, who had scheduled a routine hold-the-line price pep talk with steelmen in Washington for this week, was caught flat-footed by the bar-products rise. Unless and until the machinery gets back into well-oiled condition, there are bound to be more squeaks and squawks ahead.

BANKING

Who's Afraid of

The Big Blank Check?

The "universal" check, along with its subspecies the "counter" check, remains a staunch standby of Americans who find themselves out of modern, magnetically coded personal checks, credit cards or even old-fashioned cash. But in an age when 44 million checks are cashed and processed daily by speedy check-reading machines, the uncoded universal kind is about as handy as wampum—and the Federal Reserve System would like to see it go the same way.

Hoping to stamp out uncoded checks of all sorts, which account for a troublesome 2% of its daily traffic, the Fed has relegated them to a sort of second-rate status. Unlike coded checks, which are processed in a day or two, an uncoded check submitted to one of the Fed's twelve regional banks might be shuffled for ten days or more.

The Fed's idea is simply to pressure banks into refusing to accept uncoded checks as too slow and costly to collect. So far, the only notable effect has been some informal choosing of sides over the whole question of uncoded checks. Out in Las Vegas, Caesar's Palace was quick to announce that casino customers were welcome to use them as usual. On the other hand, saloon keepers and merchants, who often find that a universal check is made of rubber, are just as eager to stretch the law. "Sorry," cashiers at an A. & P. store in Atlanta told check-seeking customers, "they're illegal now."

Some banks have been trying to discourage use of uncoded checks for the past year or two. When the money is coming in, however, most banks are still happy to take it any way it comes. Declared an officer of Atlanta's Citizens & Southern National Bank: "A check can be written on a door or a piece of cardboard or carved in stone. We'll still accept it."

COMPUTERS

The Leasing Game

One of the recent surprises of the computer business has been the swift rise of middlemen who buy the machines from manufacturers and lease them to users. The middlemen operate with vast sums of other people's money, depend on federal antitrust pressure against dominant IBM for sur-

vival and on favorable income tax breaks for much of their profit. Yet a dozen companies, none more than 15 years old, have thrived so splendidly that computer-leasing stocks were among Wall Street's hottest glamour issues this spring.

Naturally, the competition is warming up. Last week Manhattan Management Consultant John Diebold, a leading evangelist of the computer and its potential, joined with Commercial Credit Co. and Bankers Leasing Corp., a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific railroad, to form Diebold Computer Leasing Co. The firm, which will specialize in leasing the latest third-generation computer equipment in the U.S. and Europe,

A.T. & T., Boeing, Monsanto, Aerojet-General, Mobil and Sinclair Oil. The scheme involves merely a financial juggling, and the equipment is often picked by the user to fit his own needs. Strange as it seems, computer makers regard the leasing companies as welcome intruders, partly because their purchases help meet the manufacturers' need for vast amounts of cash to pay for research and development. IBM, with 70% of the U.S. computer market, dares not use its size to crush the discount lessors, because of a 1956 antitrust consent decree.

Beyond Control? With the 7% investment tax credit plus fast tax write-off on their equipment, most leasing



DIEBOLD IN MANHATTAN OFFICE

Intruder, but a welcome one.

starts with an impressive \$85 million bankroll, of which Commercial Credit put up \$75 million as a revolving loan. "We are set up to be the General Motors in this field," says Diebold. "The whole thing is structured around financing. We don't see any other limit to the market."

Cheaper Rates. The demand for computers in the U.S. is indeed soaring: last year computer makers installed some 13,000 systems worth some \$5 billion, double their output in 1962. By the early '70s, Diebold predicts, the business will triple to \$15 billion a year. Though 80% of the nation's computers are leased, most are on direct rental from manufacturers. The computer-leasing firms have been able to elbow their way in by the classic route of price cutting. They generally charge at least 10% less than the manufacturer's rental fee. In doing so, they are betting that they can keep their costly machines continuously leased for as long as ten years, or about double the payoff time on which manufacturers base their own rents.

The bargain rentals have attracted scores of prominent customers, among them, General Motors, General Foods,

companies show quick profits in their early years. GC Computer, a Greyhound Corp. subsidiary and largest of the five leasing concerns listed on the American Stock Exchange, reported a 47% gain in earnings last year; the price of its stock jumped from \$1 to \$41 at one point during the spring surge. Levin-Townsend's earnings climbed mightily in the fiscal year ended in March, and its stock price rose from \$12 at the end of December to as high as \$45 in May.

Despite such signs of investor confidence, many critics consider the leasing companies highly vulnerable to risks beyond their control. Admits President W. Carroll Bumpers of GC Computer: "The independents have to fathom when to slow down leasing of third-generation equipment because of obsolescence." There is little agreement among experts as to when that stage will arrive. While the immediate prospects for the computer-leasing companies seem bright, their profits could plunge, leaving them with a mountain of debt, if the fourth generation of computers reaches the marketplace sooner than they expect. The crucial time will probably arrive in the mid '70s.

WORLD BUSINESS

WEST GERMANY

Mifriti to the Rescue

In a special session of the Bundestag, German lawmakers last week nodded their approval of Mifriti, a program of stern tax measures and lower government spending designed to eliminate a \$16 billion budget deficit for 1968-71. Paradoxically, they also approved an extraordinary budget for a \$1.3 billion public-works program. Both moves were part of an effort to boost the German economy from the recession that began last fall.

Some Deputies, though, were grumbling that Mifriti is an overdose of a very disagreeable medicine. They see hopeful signs that the worst of the recession may be over. The German stock market, dormant since the late 1950s, is thriving. In July and August, stock prices went up an average 19.8%. Unemployment, probably the most sensitive problem for Germans since the *Wirtschaftswunder* all but erased it, dropped almost 5% in August, to 1.7% of the labor force, still an uneasy figure compared with the 1% of August 1966, but way down from a peak of 3.1% last February.

In the key automobile industry, where production dropped by 24% in the first seven months of 1967, expectations are general for an upturn in the fourth quarter. Volkswagen, which took the hardest beating, went back to full shifts in mid-August and now has a six-day

Short for *Mittelfristige Finanzplanung*, which means middle-term finance planning.

working week. Companies returned from Berlin's recent radio and TV fair with full order books. Production of color TV sets is sold out till year's end. Inventories in industry as a whole have been running short, with an increasing number of companies about to start replenishing them.

While all this led to complaints that Mifriti and the pump-priming program are no longer necessary, official soothsayers at Bonn's Economic Ministry believe that the upsurge of confidence in the business community is in anticipation of the \$1.3 billion injection. The program is essential, says top Economic Planner Dr. Otto Schlect, "to assure a lasting revival of business."

DENMARK

Inventions on Demand

When the world beats a path to his door, the run-of-the-garret inventor is apt to be about as calm as a Roche Goldberg machine going double time. Denmark's Karl Kroyer is a different sort. Last week, shortly after New York's Martin Marietta Corp. snapped up the rights to make a Kroyer-patented, skid-resistant highway surface called Synopal in the U.S., the Dane seemed downright bored. "To make an invention is an intoxication," said he. "But the rest—to make it work, start production and complete negotiations—is one big hangover."

Dropout or Da Vinci? Some hangover. At 53, Kroyer is a millionaire several times over, supports a stable of Jaguars and race horses on the pro-

ceeds of more than 200 patents covering items from frying pans and bicycle rim linings to papermaking processes and ship-salvage techniques. He also has a \$1,000,000 glass-and-steel research center near Aarhus and a staff of 60 engineering assistants to ease the migraine of beating his brainstorms into workable plans.

Spindly and bespectacled, Kroyer's own background smacks more of a dropout than a Danish Da Vinci. A haberdasher's son who never went beyond grammar school, Kroyer even now winces at technical journals on the ground that "you risk reading yourself stupid." He explains his self-schooled skills by saying that "the recognition of a demand works on me like a magnet. I then set out to define the problems and correct them."

A demand of sorts first worked on Kroyer in 1942 when, at 28, he was idling along in a dull job as a salesman for the family firm. Struck with an idea, he designed a pair of triangles to be sewn into the droopy women's knitwear bathing suits of the day. The new wrinkle—first built-in bras ever to grace Danish suits—proved to be a standout at the beaches and a smash at the cash register.

Sugar & Stone. Before long, Kroyer was off on his own. Noting the wartime shortage of elastic, he invented an ingenious substitute of wire and thread, sold it to Danish textilemakers for \$15,000. A flood of gizmos followed—hicycle rim linings made of woven paper, which bike-happy Danes found would save wear on tires, paper hammocks, one of the first pressure cookers to appear in Europe, even a skillet with special grease-catching depressions to improve frying of steaks. That lowly item has been cooking up brisk sales in Denmark and seven other countries for more than 15 years.

After the war, Kroyer plunged into candymaking—a short-lived venture that produced a long-term boon. Because of the sugar shortage, he had to come up with a cheap way of making glucose, and his process has since become standard in 52 plants around the world. That made Kroyer's reputation and gave him a top tinkerer's prerogative: he could practice his wizardry on demand, rather than out of desperation. More often than not, he says, "my inventions have been made because somebody came and asked me to make them."

Not surprisingly, Kroyer's creations have since run a mad scientist's gamut. Synopal originally sprang from a Danish asphaltmaker's plea for something to give blacktop paving the high night visibility and skid-resistance of rival concrete. Kroyer promptly invented a white, synthetic, quartz-like crushed "stone"—actually a form of crystallized glass—to do the job. Seeing other possi-



KROYER IN AARHUS LABORATORY



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bilities, he has sold the stone as brewery and municipal water filters, made it into bricks to build 50 gleaming white villas around Denmark, in hopes of promoting them as a status symbol.

Buildings & Brides. Another coup came last year when Kroyer was called upon to salvage a 2,700-ton steamer that had sunk in Kuwait harbor and could not be raised by conventional pumping. Though he had never raised any vessel bigger than a test tube, Lubber Kroyer had the answer. He shot the hull full of pea-sized, high-flotation, plastic-foam pellets until it bobbed to the surface, pocketed a handsome fee of \$186,000.

Potentially more economically important is an inexpensive "dry" kilmaking process, which eliminates the heavy machinery and vast water supplies needed by current paper mills. The U.S.'s Kimberly-Clark and several other large paper companies have paid fees of \$25,000 to inspect and run their own tests in Kroyer's pilot plant at Aarhus, may soon buy rights to use his manufacturing techniques. Inventor Kroyer sees no end to the possibilities, claims that the process can be used for continuous production of "almost anything from building blocks to bridal dresses." He has already run off several of the latter at a cost of \$1.50 each.

SCOTLAND

Cohen the Kiltmaker

Purists who insist that kilts are worn by men—and what the other sex wears is pleated skirts—may be upset to learn that the world's biggest manufacturer of kilts sells them strictly to females. From the red-brick Glasgow factory of D. & H. Cohen Ltd. come 150,000 colorful kilts annually, which ladies eagerly buy off clothing racks throughout most of the world. In the U.S., the cry is for "knee ticklers," but for Chairman Denis Bonchy Cohen, 51, even mini-kilts are possible. "As long as it's pleated and made to our basic design," says Cohen, "they can have it."

Tight Weave. Though Cohen himself refuses to don a kilt, his company owes much to the traditional attire of the Scotsman. There are now an estimated 250 tartans that Cohen can choose from, but he leans toward such old standards as Royal Stewart and Black Watch.

D. & H. Cohen Ltd. is as tightly managed as its products are woven. Stock is held by Bonchy Cohen and his brother-in-law. Bonchy runs the show, though he is self-deprecating about his role in the company's 55-year performance. "What attracted you to the industry, Mr. Cohen?" he asks himself aloud. Then he replies: "My father was the boss." Bonchy's father, David, immigrated to London from Vilna (now in the U.S.S.R.), where, at the age of nine, he was set to work in a cup factory by his father, who spent his own days studying at a synagogue. David married a fellow capmaker, Betsy Pushkin,

and 13 years later with his wife and a growing family moved to Scotland, where, at her insistence, he sat down at his sewing machine and started his own capmaking business. He later expanded the line to blazers, frocks—and, inevitably, kilts.

"Not Our Line." The company has moved to larger quarters since then, but its traditions remain entrenched. "Our aim is to produce good merchandise," says Bonchy, "and to keep workers employed for a full year's production. It was an example set by my father and brother." Though 50% unionized, D. & H. Cohen Ltd. has never had a strike. Quality standards are Scottishly rigid. One West Indian store, which asked for low-priced kilts, re-

quested war, the ban for all practical purposes ended.

First Saudi Arabia, then Kuwait, Libya and Iraq—the four major Arab oil-producing states—agreed to resume shipments in keeping with the deal struck two weeks ago by Arab heads of state at their summit session in Khartoum. Another three months of embargo, explained Egyptian Minister of Economy Hassan Abbas Zaki, would cost the West \$770 million worth of oil but would deprive the Arab producers of \$870 million of income. Only Algeria, the fifth-ranking producer, kept its embargo. And even that involved more symbolism than substance, since the overwhelming percentage of Algerian output goes, as it has all along, to France.

Though the crisis was over, oil companies still faced continuing costly problems. The closing of the Suez Canal not only forces tankers to sail 4,700 miles farther around the Cape of Good Hope to European markets but has also caused such a price-boosting scramble to charter additional ships that the cost of hauling crude oil from the Persian Gulf to Rotterdam has jumped from \$2.90 to \$18.60 a ton. Salvage experts figure that the handful of scuttled ships blocking the waterway could be cleared away in a month, but silting from its sandy banks may require fresh dredging. Oilmen glumly predict that Egypt's Nasser will keep the artery closed at least until year's end and perhaps indefinitely. He can afford to sacrifice his chief source of foreign exchange because other Arab states promised in Khartoum to give Egypt a \$266 million-a-year subsidy—about equal to the canal's annual toll revenues.

Lebanon last week agreed to let oil companies resume shipments to the three Western nations from its Mediterranean ports. That oil comes via two separate pipelines from Iraq to Tripoli and from Saudi Arabia to Sidon. Both lines run through Syria, whose extremist regime opposed ending the embargo and could easily close either line by twisting a few valves. The Trans-Arabian pipeline, jointly owned by Texaco, Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil (N.J.) and Mobil Oil, has been shut since the fighting erupted. Because some 20 miles of it runs through former Syrian territory, now occupied by Israel, the oil firms at week's end still hesitated to provoke Arab sensitivities by restarting the pumps.

These lingering difficulties are too small to sustain increased demand for U.S. oil. Having stepped up its output by 12% (to a record 9,400,000 bbls. a day in August) to help meet Western Europe's needs, the U.S. now faces a problem of oversupply. One result was an order last week by the Texas Railroad Commission, which cut the maximum allowable output per well from 54% to 46.7% of capacity. By December, oilmen expect that the limit will shrink to its pre-crisis norm of 33% to 35%.



BONCHY IN HIS FACTORY

Just think of the market in China.

ceived the typically brisk reply: "This is not in our line of production."

As for the future of kilmaking, nothing would please Bonchy more than to swing his company's skirts into places where kilts are never worn. Says he: "I'd love to see every Chinaman wearing a kilt." But until that unlikely event occurs, D. & H. Cohen will produce kilts only for women—and leave men wearing the pants.

OIL

The Boomerang Boycott

Boycotts rarely work, and the Arab effort to starve the West for oil proved to be no exception. While Europe tapped costlier supplies in the U.S. and Venezuela, three months of a somewhat jaeky embargo by Arab countries on oil shipments to the U.S., Britain and West Germany merely robbed their own treasuries of millions in royalties and taxes. Last week, almost as swiftly as it was imposed during the Arab-Is-

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Absurdity à Gogol

Closely Watched Trains is a series of contradictions: a tragic comedy, a peaceful war movie, a success story of a failure. The failure is Miloš, a railway apprentice (Václav Neckář), who somehow never gets his signals straight. The fault, shown in whacky flashbacks, appears to be his pedigree. His grandfather, a hypnotist, tried to stop a German tank by putting the whammy on it; his father, a railroad man retired at 48, has settled off on a sin to his liking: sloth. Now, the boy prepares to ascend the family tree and take the inevitable fall.

Though World War II is raging on two fronts, his little station in Czechoslovakia is more worried about its own private conflicts. The paunchy stationmaster constantly clashes with the raunchy dispatcher (Josef Somr), whose life is a round of love-making on the waiting-room sofa. Miloš refuses to take sides in the quarrel, and soon earns the enmity of both antagonists. A stiff-necked German official gives him lectures on the nobility of war, which he fails to understand. A nubile girl, Jitka Bendová, entices him into her bed, where he fails to perform. Suicidally, he slashes his wrists—and again flops.

By contrast, the dispatcher continues his express schedule of seductions, this time with the railroad telegraphist. During one encounter he playfully imprints her rear with a German occupation stamp an indelible gesture that scandalizes her mother, who promptly trots daughter all over town, showing the handiwork to anyone who will look. Eventually, the crestfallen dispatcher is

brought before a rubber-stamp congress of officialdom to account for his shocking behavior. Brandishing photographic evidence of the misdeed, a Nazi bureaucrat asks: "Miss Svatá, is this your behind?", and prates about the "defamation of the German state language."

At this point, the story abruptly changes its mood. The dispatcher, it turns out, is also a member of the underground, a fact that leads to an explosive and tragic finale. Director Jiří Menzel mixes the real and the surreal, ribaldry and pathos, comedy and tragedy—yet keeps the movie on the track all the way. Much credit goes to Actors Somr and Neckář, who straightforwardly exemplify Gogol's view that "what is utterly absurd happens in the world."

Fallow Tragedy

The Fear. On the wheat plains of Greece, Anestis Canalis, a wale-eyed voyeur (Anestis Vlachos), goes prowling along a lovers' lane. Peering through a car window, he sees a couple entwined. The woman spots him and shrieks. As Anestis gropes his way in flight through the grain, the man shouts after him: "I know who you are, you sex-starved bastard!"

Sex-starved, yes; bastard, no. His legitimacy and parental ties, in fact, are ultimately responsible for the destruction of the Canalis family, a clan as full of brutality and fanaticism as the Karamazovs. Cowed by his father, shunned by his stepmother and stepbrother, Anestis blunders his way around the farm until one day he surprises the mute servant girl (Elli Fotiou) in the barn, rapes and kills her—a murder quickly discovered by his parents. Because he is their son, the couple cannot and will not turn the murderer in. Instead, the old man beats the boy remorselessly—and then that night helps row the corpse to the middle of a lake and sink it to the bottom.

The townspeople accept the servant girl's disappearance, but the sister does not. She begins to grill her stepbrother, who hysterically runs to his parents for aid. To ensure her silence, the father consents to let her marry a man whom she loves and he despises. At the Greek fête, as Anestis drunkenly dances in celebration of his stepbrother's wedding, the servant's body mysteriously rises to the water's surface and begins floating to shore, bringing with it the dissolution of the house of Canalis.

Widely celebrated in Greece, *The Fear* has not traveled well. Veteran viewers of French and Italian peasant dramas need not be reminded that the pastoral scene contains as much violence as the city. Writer-Director Costas Manousakis includes several countryside shots as primitive and beautiful as a cave painting, but most of the time his grossly photographed story



FOTIOU IN "FEAR"

One wine that doesn't travel.

seems less written than plowed; his actors are rarely given more to do than grunt and stare emptily at the fallow land. In this case, its dramatic surface has barely been serenaded.

Stealing the Skin Show

I, A Man looks like just another of Pop Artist Andy Warhol's home movies. Still, Andy's home is unlike anybody else's, and so are his films. This one follows a cat named Tom (Tom Baker) as he prowls bedrooms and hallways in search of birds. There are six in all, including Ingrid Superstar—real name: Ingrid von Schollen—*as* a chubby blonde who refers to her overexposed mammaries as "fried eggs," and a brassy type in a pea jacket who turns Tom down because she herself prefers to make it with chicks. Some of the improvised dialogue is four-lettered, most of it unlettered.

The title of the movie is a takeoff on *I, A Woman*, a sleazy bit of Swedish pornography about nymphomania that unaccountably was a hit on the U.S. art-house circuit last spring. Though both films are ostensibly about the heterosexual search for love, *Man* is really something else. There is more display of bosoms than in a *South Seas* documentary, but Tom steals the skin show every time, as the camera affectionately concentrates on him while it caricatures the girls.

Man is likely to blur Warhol's image as the Zanuck of the non-movie. The sound track, regrettably, is as clear as a hi-fi record, and the film is as much in focus as the average overground flick. After wobbling his camera in 60 or so pictures, demonstrating that film making is all in a flick of the wrist, could it be that, in his cinematic technique, Andy is finally going straight?

NECKÁŘ & BENDOVÁ IN "TRAIN'S"
Up the tree and down again.

BOOKS

A Poet Who Was There

RANDALL JARRELL, 1914-1965 edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor and Robert Penn Warren. 307 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.50.

"The public," Randall Jarrell once wrote, "has an unusual relation with the poet. It does not even know that he is there." As if to refute this bitter complaint against an unpoetic age, two dozen of Jarrell's brother poets have joined in lament for his death and to explain the mysterious ways in which this minor poet had been of major importance to them.

In 1965, Jarrell at 51 was killed by a truck while walking on a highway near the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, where he had lived and taught for many years. In a touching memoir, his widow recalls the "desperate valor" with which he faced the final nervous breakdown before his death. He was "granted a few magic weeks" in which "poems flew at him, short ones, quatrains, haiku, aphorisms, parts of speech, parts of poems, ideas for poems, until just words beat at his head like many wings."

Passionate Know-How. Jarrell's chosen theme was life made precious through knowledge of its vulnerability, and with unerring instinct he chose to express it often through the reveries of a woman—a woman who hides her deepest findings about life lest they destroy family morale. The theme is best expressed in "The Woman at the Washington Zoo":

Oh bars of my own body,
open, open!
The world goes by my cage
and never sees me.
And there come not to me
as come to these.
The wild beasts, sparrows pecking
the llamas' grain. . . .

You know what I was:
You see what I am:
change me, change me!

Although this passive element in Jarrell's verse seems against the American grain, he also possessed the American male's obsession with practical detail, the ritual and vocabulary of a job. His common man's delight in the way things work gave him a great technical advantage over his brother poets. This is especially notable in his war poems. Jarrell, a washed-out pilot (too old), was a dedicated pilot instructor. He wrote about war, says Poet Karl Shapiro, not as other poets "sweating out the war in uniform," but as a participant, armed with military expertise.

In a generous tribute, Robert Lowell called Jarrell "a Wordsworth with the obsessions of Lewis Carroll." He focused his poet's eye on a central moral problem of the age, which might be

called the Eichmann syndrome, and expressed it in bitter doggerel:

I lived with Mr. Punch, they said
my name was Judy.
I beat him with my rolling-pin, he
hit me with his cane.
I ran off with a soldier, he followed
in a carriage.
And he drew a big revolver and he
shot me through the brain.
But that was his duty, he only did
his duty—

Said Judy, said the Judy, said poor
Judy to the string.

Gold in Sea Water. In addition to poetry (four volumes), Jarrell was probably the best poet-critic since T. S. Eliot, as his critical volume, *Poetry and*



RANDALL JARRELL (1958)
Words beat like wings.

the Age, attests. He rejected what Poet Shapiro calls "Eliot's High Church voice" in favor of "plain American, which dogs and cats can read." He demanded plain speech and uttered it. Thus his heroes were homespun Wordsworth, unfashionable Kipling, Thomas Hardy, William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost and, of course, the greatest American poet to speak for the common man—Walt Whitman.

John Crowe Ransom says that Jarrell wore a "triple crown"—"a pure Pity, an embracing *Weltshmerz*, and a wry ironic Wit." The pity sometimes seemed absent from his own reviews. Alfred Kazin recalls a sideswipe in which Jarrell wrote that some crypto poet's work had "hidden treasures," but that finding them was "like looking for the gold in sea water." This sort of wit provided the sparkle to his otherwise brackish novel, *Pictures from an Institution*. Handsome, small, competitive, Jarrell was savage to the false in art; yet he

spoke to his own students, in the words of Poet Robert Watson, "as if they were potential Homers." Berryman recalls the "black wit" and "cruelty" of his criticism, yet he was personally kind. Lowell himself acknowledges a debt to Jarrell, who "twice or thrice must have thrown me a lifeline."

It could be said of him that he knew all about death before he died. Out of this knowledge came the most quoted poem of World War II, "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner":

From my mother's sleep I fell into
the State.
And I hunched in its belly
till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from
its dream of life.
I woke to black flak and the night-
mare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of
the turret with a hose.

Suburban Daydreams

ALL THE ABANDONED CHILDREN by George Constable. 200 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.75.

"Jessie," says a boy friend, "you're like a philosopher in reverse. You're a walking daydream." So she is. She writes herself letters at work ("Dear Madame: Hi"), puts them in her In basket ("Oh, look, a letter for me") and answers them ("Dear Madame: Hi, Glorious morning, isn't it?"). She plays games with herself such as *How Can That Be?*, in which she makes up an impossible situation, asks herself "How can that be?" and is disappointed if she cannot concoct a way it could be. She is unable to explain, for instance, why "an upside-down-speedboat made of rose petals was in orbit around the moon."

Jessie is only one of the daydreamers who wander through this inventive, whimsical first novel about private rebellions in suburbia. Jay, 22, has given up everything to become the disciple of a crackpot who makes clandestine radio broadcasts about morality. Cathy, aged 12, is trying to decide whether God goes around naked or lives in a cemetery. Ethel, 23, hears voices, hates her husband, resents her baby, and is determined to become a prostitute in her spare time. And there is Teddy, the five-year-old prodigy who is Author Constable's hero. Teddy uses geodesies to keep track of the neighbors, and if it weren't for him no one would know that the neighborhood children were in terrible danger. How can that be? The answer is not altogether convincing, but neither is the stuff of which most daydreams are made.

The Body Snatchers

MICHEL, MICHEL by Robert Lewis. 735 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.50.

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lighthearted Catholic bestseller, *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*. Their publishing offspring is a Catholic-Jewish novel—specifically the story of a custody fight between the two faiths that becomes a body-snatching contest.

Michel is a seven-year-old French Jewish orphan whose father died in a concentration camp; his mother swallowed cyanide to avoid being sent to one. During the war, a daring band of nuns spirits him to safety in a nursery run by Mlle. Odette Rose, who has Michel baptized, and after the war refuses to give him up to his aunt and uncle in Palestine. Her battle is joined by the French Catholic Church up to the level of cardinal. In fighting assorted Zionists, the Catholics revert to their underground railway, but what was heroism in wartime is now kidnapping.

Author Lewis unvaryingly places law and truth on the side of the Jews, though he dedicates the book "to my Catholic wife." He never animates Michel's character, never lets the child himself choose between Mlle. Rose and his Israeli relatives. Instead, Jewish characters talk endlessly about history and suffering. Catholics indulge in petty lies and machinations. One Jewish character says wisely: "Better he be a good French Catholic than a neurotic Israeli Jew," but only one priest knows right from wrong. Though modeled on St. Peter, he proves to be papier-mâché instead of rock.

The Future of Swearing

FOUR-LETTER WORD GAMES by Renatus Hartogs with Hans Fantal. 186 pages. Evans. \$5

Back in 1940, Dutch-born Psychiatrist Renatus Hartogs suffered a traumatic experience on a Long Island highway. Unable to fix a flat tire, he summoned a garage mechanic, who failed also. "I can't get this wheel off!" the fellow cried. Dr. Hartogs was astounded. As he recalls: "The idea of a wheel engaging in sexual intercourse perplexed me."

Then a revelation hit Dr. Hartogs: English is virtually without gender—it is, in fact, suspiciously without sex. Dr. Hartogs was educated in Germany, where a girl (*das Mädchen*) is neuter, spring (*der Frühling*) is masculine, and a door (*die Tür*) is feminine (apparently the doctor cannot bear to hear one slammed). As he sees it, a language in which only *he* and *she* are sexed must be up to no good. In English, what is the sex of a bicycle, an eggplant, a subway? None. And what does this engender? According to Dr. Hartogs and Hans Fantal, a "professional writer" who has tried to guide the psychiatrist through sexless English, Americans turn "grammatical lack of gender into a linguistic sex orgy" as a reaction against—guess what? "The Puritan tradition."

Vassar Vulgarity. Dr. Hartogs had to suffer another traumatic experience before he could explain all about the

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mechanic, the wheel and the word. The impetus was the 1959 federal court decision that D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was not obscene. Later that week, at a "fairly fashionable party" on Long Island (a place he should obviously avoid), Dr. Hartogs heard that word again—not from a greasy mechanic, but from the lips of a "splendidly groomed and possibly pretty specimen of suburban femininity," who uttered "a string of barracks words paraded with a crisp Vassar inflection."

There and then, Dr. Hartogs decided that he had stumbled on "a significant clue to the psychodynamics of our culture." According to his theory, the *Chatterley* decision set Vassar girls to start cussing like gamekeepers. Clearly, he



SCENE FROM "LADY CHATTERLEY" (1959)
From a Vassar girl, yet.

met few Vassar girls before the decision. But now he hears from middle-class patients what he once heard only from ghetto types such as those he encounters as chief psychiatrist of the New York Detention House for Juvenile Delinquents.

Mask of Fear. Dr. Hartogs' eight-letter thoughts on four-letter words are confusing enough to make a saint swear. On the one hand, he says that excessive swearing may be a "symptom of pre-schizophrenic personality disintegration." On the other, he regards the growing use of obscene language as "a rising index of spiritual freedom." But he can't quite tell; it may also be a "mask of fear" and "the last resort of the non-achiever." This is simply to say what has always been known—that dirty words are not always to be taken literally. As Dr. Hartogs prefers to put it in psychiatric jargon: "Even the crudest obscenities are sometimes circumspect in terms of the patient's true intent." Or the doctor's. Years ago, in his celebrated essay "*Larry Porsona, or the*

Future of Swearing and Improper Language, Poet Robert Graves put the case more simply: people, he noted regretfully, were swearing more but enjoying it less.

The Cinderella Switch

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS by Winifred Gérin. 617 pages. Oxford, \$8.

Art is often the artist's escape. Such was the case of Charlotte Brontë, the most prolific of the Brontë sisters, who flowered briefly in England during the 1840s with strange, powerful novels and poetry. Charlotte was shy and ugly, proud and ambitious. Her three novels, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley* and *Villette*, are all switches on the old Cinderella theme: the rejected girl is not only poor but plain; her Byronic hero must see not only through the rags but also through the flesh itself to her spiritual beauty.

That Charlotte tried to escape in her writing is well documented in this painstaking biography. British Scholar Winifred Gérin has already written biographies of Anne Brontë and ne'er-do-well brother Branwell. A decade ago, she moved to the Brontës' native village of Haworth, the better to hear the moaning of the Yorkshire moors that the girls loved. She has read 20 years' worth of *Blackwood's* magazine to trace the sources of Charlotte's erudition and deciphered trunkfuls of childish scrawl to interpret her juvenilia. If the result is not the vivid portrait that Victorian Novelist Elizabeth Gaskell wrote right after Charlotte's death, it is more complete and accurate—an exhaustive source of Brontëana.

Early Shocks. The parsonage at Haworth has become a legend, a crucible of creativity in which the children imagined fantastic kingdoms peopled with fabulous heroes. It also produced recurring tragedy. Mother died of cancer when Charlotte was five. Three years later, her two older sisters died of consumption at an abominable boarding school, where they had been half-starved. At Charlotte's own boarding school, one classmate sized her up as "a little old woman in very old-fashioned clothes." Unfortunately, the classmate said as much to Charlotte, who ever after suffered self-conscious torments over her ugliness, particularly her stunted height.

The next years were filled with reverses. She took a job as a governess in Yorkshire to supplement the meager family income, was crushed to find herself treated as a common servant. Hoping to start her own school, she enrolled in a Brussels *pensionnat* to perfect her French and learn feminine "accomplishments"; instead, she broke her heart over the school's happily married director.

Back at Haworth, still another shock awaited. Brother Branwell, whom she envisaged as a writer of genius, was hopelessly addicted to drugs and al-

Adri S. Stevenson

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cohort. But Emily and Anne were busily writing poems and novels. Charlotte not only joined them but also took over as their agent; within two years, she had engineered the publication of a joint collection of poems and three novels: *Wuthering Heights*, by Ellis Bell (Emily), *Agnes Grey*, by Acton Bell (Anne) and *Jane Eyre*, by Currer Bell (Charlotte). The poems and the first two novels flopped; *Jane Eyre* was an immediate bestseller.

Later Balm. Reviewers were ecstatic. "Here is a voice appropriate to the experience of thousands," wrote one. Said another: "Reality—deep, significant reality—is the characteristic of this book." Nothing that deeply touched Charlotte—the terrible boarding school where

COLVER PICTURES



CHARLOTTE BRONTE
Through the flesh as well.

her sisters died, her woes as a governess, the tests of love—is absent from *Jane Eyre*. If Charlotte's flaw was excessive romanticism, her strength was the ardor with which she recorded her bitter experiences.

Still, her own age overpraised Charlotte. The real genius turned out to be the reclusive Emily who poured a primitive spirit into *Wuthering Heights* and wrote a handful of lyrics that rival Blake's. Yet Charlotte's success was balm in her tragic years. In 1848, she buried Branwell; soon after, both Emily and Anne died of consumption. Charlotte fell in love with Arthur Bell Nicholls, the Haworth curate. Her father begged her not to marry because he feared she was too small and frail to survive pregnancy. He was right. After a few months of marriage in which she was amazed at her own happiness, Charlotte died of tuberculosis and complications of pregnancy. She was 39. The curse on the Brontës was more implacable than any Charlotte's imagination could devise.



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